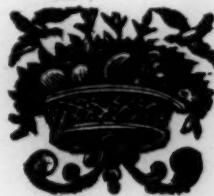


POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

VOLUME I.



The SECOND EDITION.

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M. DCC XXXII.

Sin

K

TO THE
NOBLE and RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

This VOLUME is Dedicated,

As a lasting Monument

O F

Esteem, Gratitude, and Submission;

B Y

His Honour's most Obliged

and most Obedient

Humble Servant,

MITCHELL.

E

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R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
J O H N Earl of STAIR,

T H I S
V O L U M E i s Dedicated,
A S A
L A S T I N G M O N U M E N T
O F

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B Y
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THE
Muse's Original:
A N
O D E.
INSCRIB'D TO
AARON HILL, Esq;

(Rights,
AKE, heav'nly *Muse*, and vindicate thy
Usurp'd, profan'd, and sacrific'd, by *Foes*,
Who, or to *Pagan Pow'rs* ascribe their
(Flights,

Or, with thy Praises, honour Earth-born *Prose*.

Heedless of *Custom*, and the *Fool's* blind Rage,

Boldly thy *Worth* and *Origin* impart,

VOL. I.

B

And

POEMS

And teach a loose and undiscerning Age,
 To reverence *Genius*, and be just to *Art*.
 And Thou, of Verse and Man th' almighty *Sire*,
 Who, long ere *Heathen Gods* were idly known,
 Did'st form the Mind, the Mind inspire,
 And tune it by thy own,
 Aid, and conduct, the Purpose of my Lays;
 Thine is the Pow'r, and thine be all the Praise.

II.

By venal *Poets* misapply'd,
 And by the Dull disgrac'd,
 Long has the *Muse* been aiming wide,
 In *Wit's* luxuriant Waste;
 Long has she worn the Masks of painted *Vice*,
 And, by the Pow'r of prostituted *Rhime*,
 Made *Guilt* seem void of *Crime*,
 And *Poetry* detested by the *Wife*.

The ravish'd *Nymph* each stern Beholder scorns,
And terms That *Scandal*, which Mankind *adorns*.
Ev'n *Bards* Themselves, disclaiming due Renown,
Resign their Rights, and *Pagan* Altars crown ;
Meanly, the *Muse's* Line from *Phœbus* trace,
And empty *Notbings* in Dominion place.
Or shou'd one rise, with a diviner Flame,
 And boldly deathless Honours claim,
Custom wou'd keep the World averse to yield,
That, from *celestial Aid*, his Genius came,
And drive him, *unrewarded*, from the Field,

III.

But if the *Muse* unveils forgotten Years,
What high majestic Dignity appears!
The spotless Verse, that tun'd the infant Earth,
 Was honour'd, as became its Birth.

POEMS

Then all, that *Poets* taught, was held divine,
Moral in Sense, and Godlike in Design.

Like Heav'ns high *Oracles* rever'd,
They, and *They only*, Heav'ns Decrees made known,
The gathering Crowds, with Awe, their Dictates hear,
And, by their *Poets* Lives, reform'd their own.

Then sacred Songs cou'd Truths sublime rehearse,
And stern Religion charm'd the Soul, in Verse.

Priests were Themselves the *Poets* Then,
And *felt* the Pow'r they *preach'd* to Men.

III.

Teach, heav'nly *Muse*, when raptur'd M O S E S fun
What pow'rful Transports arm'd his conqueror
M O S E S, who heard and mov'd the Voice of Heaven
By whom Religion's first-known Laws were giv'n!

Him a divine Enthusiast's Fury fill'd,
The *God* within beat strong his widen'd Heart,
Celestial Raptures thro' his Spirits thrill'd,
And his Verse flam'd with Fire, unknown to Art.

ISRAEL, escaping from *Aegyptian Sway*,
Hung list'ning in the dangerous way ; (Shore,
Urg'd by their *Guide's* sweet Song, they climb'd the
Nor weigh'd the Wonder, while his Musick charm'd ;
Safe o'er one Sea, they wish'd to plunge in more ;
So had the *Poet* their new Virtue warm'd !

V.

DAVID, a Man allied to God's own Heart,
Dw'd to that favouring God the Poet's Art.
Inspir'd with Force of unresisted Thought,
He wrote as much a Conqueror, as he fought ;
Still as his *Soldiers* listen'd to his Strains,
Their Blood ran rapt'rous thro' their swelling Veins.

With perfect Mastery, he cou'd mould the Mind,
 Rais'd it above the Reach of human Fear;
 Or made the *Warrior* soft as Womankind,
 When, with more gentle Notes, he struck the Earth
 At Will, he cou'd the Spirit move,
 And fill the Heart with Anger, Grief, or Love.
 Ev'n yet his Image lives in each warm Line,
 Like his great Actions, all divine.

Religion's Self appears with double Grace,
 When his sweet *Muse* describes its beauteous Face

VI.

O'er the rich Gifts, that fill'd his Son's wife Heart,
 High shone this sacred Art.
 Mark with what moving Energy of Wit,
 Th' *imperial Lover* writ!

In Nature skill'd, he touch'd the tender Soul,
 And cou'd the Springs of Sympathy control.

Wisdom and *Poetry*, together join'd,
To make him more a King, combin'd.
And sure, this Royal, this distinguish'd, Sage,
Was wiser than those blind, but holy, *Drones*,
The Stains of our fanatick Age!

Whose reverend Ignorance the *Muse* disowns;
Who use her ill, and understand her worse,
And 'gainst her Influence hum their drowsy Curse.

VII.

But those were Times of *Truth* and generous *Sense*,
When *Wit* was bright with *Innocence*;
Things unprofan'd her sacred Care employ'd,
Nor had the *Heathen* World her Charms enjoy'd.
God's favour'd Sons monopoliz'd the Art,
Nor left to *Pagan Bards* an envied Part.

Long lost in darkness, and misled,
By hungry Dæmons, whom their Altars fed,

Succeeding Nations, thro' a Depth of Night,

Saw, flow, a glimm'ring Light.

Yet, as they rose to Genius, what they thought,

Their never-dying Verse has taught.

If GREEKS and ROMANS then have thus been fir'd, Whil

How fung the HEBREWS, whom their God inspir'd! Chos

At least th' immortal *Copy* tells,

To what vast Height th' *Original* excels.

VIII.

But, when, resolv'd in Sin, the *Hebrew* State

To unbelieving Pow'rs became a Prey,

Their *Muse* too funk amidst their common Fate,

And all Heav'ns Gifts, at once, dissolv'd away.

Exil'd, and lost, their captive Spirits fail'd,

And doleful Notes o'er cheerful Airs prevail'd.

Yet long they labour'd up th' o'erpow'ring Stream,

Warm with some remnant Sparks of ancient Flame Of He

Sacred

on several Occasions.

9

Sacred the *Muse* in ev'ry Land was held,
And all reap'd Honours, who in Verse excell'd.
Ev'n the APOSTLE's Eloquence, when sent,
The Fall of faithless Nations to prevent,
While with *Athenian* Eloquence it strove,
Chose, as the strongest Argument to move,
To quote their own great *Poet's* Wit:
No human Truth he found so fit
To strengthen and confirm his heav'nly Cause,
And force an unconverted World's Applause!

IX.

But now again, in the clear *Gospel's* Light,
Eternal Life and endless Joy
The *Muses* best can teach, redeem'd from Night,
And arm'd with Weapons they too ill employ.
Tasteless *Pretenders* to the Art,
Of Heads unsettled, and of wicked Heart,
Wou'd

Wou'd the pure Current stain,
And back to Idol *AEGYPT* turn again—
Fatal Mistake ! but what tho' some run mad,
Must therefore the poetic Air be bad ?
If Right grows forfeit, when it meets Abuse,
Reason and Search no longer are of Use.

X.

Wou'd *Christian Poets* their whole Forces join,
How wou'd the World confess their *Muse* divine !
What *well-bred Reformation* wou'd ensue ?
What Strength in Fancy, and in Practice, too ?
Then might the *Theater*, and *Pulpit*, vie,
And each its several Influence try.
Sweetly attracted to the charmful Bait,
Men wou'd no more shun Truth, nor Reason hate.
Like wise *Physicians*, who their Drugs infold
In Surfaces of tempting Gold,

on several Occasions.

Poets wou'd, by a Kind of ~~wous~~ Stealth,
Cheat ~~neir~~ sick Readers into Health.
Prodigious Pow'r of soft, prevailing Art,
That breathes such gentle Fire, to melt th'unwilling
(Heart!)

XI.

What art Thou, that by Passion so refin'd,
Can't first redeem, then fortify the Mind ?
Ev'n against Nature urge our natural Heat,
And force th' unactive Virtue to be great ?
O touch my trembling Lips, celestial *Muse*,
With a live-coal from Heav'ns unfading Fire,
Teach my faint Song thy influence to infuse,
And for immortal Fame my Breast inspire.
While others, Flatterers of an earthly Crown,
Wou'd to some empty Honour owe Renown,
Teach me to build a Pile of sacred Rhime,
That shall defy the Teeth of Time.

And

P O E M S

And, when forgott^{en}. Titles are no more,
And vulgar Hopes have ebb'd their utmost Store,
Let my lov'd *Muse* known, and remember'd, live,
And endless Joy thro' unborn Ages give.

XII.

Heedless of *Custom*, and the vulgar Breath,
I toil for *Glory*, in a Path untrod,
Or where but few have dar'd to combat Death,
And few, unstaggering, carry Virtue's Load.

Thy *Muse*, O HILL, of living Names,
My first Respect, and chief Attendance claims.
Sublimely fir'd, Thou look'st disdainful down
On trifling Subjects, and a vile Renown.
In every Verse, in ev'ry Thought of thine,
There's heav'nly Rapture and Design.

Who can thy Godlike *GIDEON view,

* GIDEON, an Epic Poem, by A. Hill, Esq;

And

And not thy *Muse* pursue,
Or wish, at least, such Miracles to do?

XIII.

Sure, in thy Breast, the ancient *Hebrew* Fire

Reviv'd, glows hot, and blazes forth!

How strong, how fierce, the Flames aspire,

Of thy interior Worth,

When † burning Worlds thou set'st before our Eyes,

And draw'st tremendous Judgment from the Skies!

O bear me on thy *Seraph* Wing,

And teach my weak, obsequious, *Muse* to sing.

To *Thee* I owe the little Art I boast;

Thy Heat first melted my co-genial Frost.

Preserve the Sparks thy Breath did fan,

And, by thy Likeness, form me into true poetic Man.

† See the *Judgment-Day*, a Poem, by A. Hill, Esq;

87

meilen Obersalzberg

aus dem Buch von Bach

oder der ersten Methode sind zu

Po

T



A N

O D E

ON THE

P O W E R o f M U S I C K.

I N S C R I B ' D T o

Mr. *Alexander Malcolm,*

Occasion'd by his

T R E A T I S E o f M U S I C K.

I.

HEN Nature yet in *Embrio* lay,

Ere Things began to Be,

The Almighty from eternal Day

Spoke loud his deep Decree:

The

The Voice was tuneful as his Love,
At which Creation sprung,
And all th' Angelick Hosts above
The Morning Anthem Sung.

II.

As Musick's sweet prevailing Call,
Thro' boundless Realms of Space,
The Atoms danc'd, obsequious, all,
And, to compose this wond'rrous Ball,
In order took their Place.

How did the Piles of Matter part,
And huddled Nature from her Slumber start
When, from the Mass immensely steep,
The Voice bid Order sudden leap,
To usher in a World.

What Heav'nly Melody and Love
Began in ev'ry Sphere to move ?

When Elements, that jarr'd before,
Were all aside distinctly hurl'd,
And Chaos reign'd no more.

III.

Musick the mighty Parent was,
Empower'd by God, the Sovereign Cause.
Musick first spirited the Lifeless Waſte,
Sever'd the fullen, bulky Maſts,
And active Motion call'd from lazy Reſt.

Summon'd by Musick, *Form* uprear'd her Head,
From Depths, where Life it ſelf lay dead;
While ſudden Rays of ever-living Light
Broke from the Abyſs of ancient Night,

(Influence spread.
Reveal'd the New-born Earth around, and its fair
God ſaw that all the Work was good;

(Off-spring, stood.
The Work, the Effect of Harmony, its wond'rous
W. L. I. C Mufick

Musick, the best of Arts Divine,
Maintains the Tune it first began,
And makes ev'n Opposites combine
To be of use to Man.

Discords with tuneful Concords move
Thro' all the Spacious Frame;
Below is breath'd the Sound of Love,
While Mystick Dances shine *Above*,
And Musick's Power to nether Worlds procl
What various Globes in proper Spheres,
Perform their Great Creator's Will?
While never silent, never still,
Melodiously they run,
Unhurt by Chance, or Length of Years
Around the Central Sun.

V.

The little, perfect World, call'd Man,
In whom the Diapason ends,
In his Contexture, shews a Plan
Of Harmony, that makes amends,
(By God-like Beauty, that adorns his Race,) For all the Spots on Nature's Face.

He boasts a pure, a tuneful Soul,
That rivals the Celestial Throng,
And can ev'n Savage Beasts controul
With his enchanting Song.

Tho' diff'rent Passions struggle in his Mind,
Where Love and Hatred, Hope and Fear are join'd,
All, by a secret Guidance, tend
To one harmonious End.

VI.

Its great Original to prove,
And shew it bless'd us from above,
In creeping Winds, thro' Air it sweetly floats,
And works strange Miracles by Notes.
Our beating Pulses bear each bidden Part,
And ev'ry Passion of the master'd Heart
Is touch'd with Sympathy, and speaks the Wonder
Now Love, in soft and whispering Strain
Thrills gently thro' the Veins,
And binds the Soul in Silken Chains.
Then Rage and Fury fire the Blood,
And hurried Spirits, rising high, ferment the bo
Silent, anon, we sink, resign'd in Grief:
But, e're our yielding Passions quite subside,
Some swelling Note calls back the ebbing T

And lifts us to Relief.

With Sound we Love, we Joy, and we Despair,
The solid Substance hug, or grasp delusive Air.

VII.

In various Ways the Heart-strings shake,

And different things they speak.

For, when the meaning Masters strike the *Lyre*,

Or *Haut-boys* briskly move,

Our Souls, like Lightning, blaze with quick Desire,

Or melt away in Love.

But when the Martial *Trumpet*, swelling high,

Rolls its shrill Clangor thro' the echoing Sky ;

If, answering hoarse, the fullen *Drum*'s big Beat

Does, in dead Notes, the lively Call repeat;

Bravely at once we break o'er Nature's Bounds,

Snatch at grim Death, and look, unmov'd, on (Wounds.

POEMS

Slumb'ring, our Souls lean o'er the trembling *L*

Softly, we mourn with the complaining *Flut*

With the *Violin* laugh at our Foes;

By turns, with the *Organ* we bear on the Sky

Whilst, exulting in Triumph, on Æther we

(W
Or, falling, groan upon the *Harp*, beneath a Loa

Each Instrument has magic Pow'r

To enliven or destroy,

To sink the Heart, and, in one Hour,

Entrance our Souls with Joy.

At ev'ry Touch, we lose our ravish'd Thoug

And Life, it self, in quivering Clings, hangs o'er
(varied N

VIII.

How does the starting *Treble* raise

The Mind to rapt'rous Heights;

And y

It leaves all Nature in Amaze,

And drowns us with Delights.

But, when the Manly, the Majestick *Base*

Appears with awful Grace,

What Solemn Thoughts are in the Mind infus'd?

And how the Spirits rouz'd?

In slow-pac'd Triumph, we are led around,

And all the Scene with haughty Pomp is crown'd;

Till Friendly *Tenor* gently flows,

Like sweet, meandering Streams,

And makes an Union, as it goes,

Betwixt the two Extreams.

The blended Parts in *That* agree,

As Waters mingle in the Sea,

And yield a Compound of delightful Melody.

Strange

POEMS

IX.

Strange is the Force of modulated Sound,
 That, like a Torrent, sweeps o'er ev'ry Mound
 It tunes the Heart, at ev'ry Turn ; And,
 With ev'ry Moment gives new Passions Birth;
 Sometimes we take delight to Mourn ;
 Sometimes enhance our Mirth.
 It sooths deep Sorrow in the Breast ;
 It lulls our waking Cares to Rest,
 Fate's clouded Brow serenes with Ease,
 And makes ev'n Madness please.
 As much as Man can meaner Arts controul,
 It manages his master'd Soul,
 The most invet'rate Spleen disarms,
 And, like AURELIA, Charms :
 AURELIA ! dear, distinguish'd Fair !
 In whom the Graces center'd are !
 Wh

Whose Beauty, Musick in Disguise!

Attracts the gazing Eyes,

Thrills thro' the Soul, like sad *Louisa's Lines,

And, as it certain Conquest makes, the Savage Soul
(refines.

X.

Musick religious Thoughts inspires,

And kindles bright Poetick Fires;

Fires! such as great † *Hillarius* raise

Triumphant, in their blaze!

Amid the *vulgar-versifying* Throng

His Genius, with Distinction, show,

And o'er our *popular Metre* lift his Song

High, as the Heav'ns are arch'd o'er Orbs below.

As if the Man was pure Intelligence,

Musick transports him o'er the heights of Sense,

* *Louisa to Abelard.*

† *Aaron Hill, Esq;*

Thro'

Thro' Chinks of Clay the Rays above lets in,
And makes Mortality Divine.

Tho' Reason's Bounds it ne'er defies,
Its Charms elude the Ken
Of heavy, gross-ear'd Men,
Like Mysteries conceal'd from vulgar Eyes.

Others may *that* Distraction call,
Which Musick raises in the Breast, —
To *Me*, 'tis Ecstacy and Triumph all,
The Foretastes of the Raptures of the Blest.

Who knows not this, when *Handell* plays,
And *Senefino* sings?
Our Souls learn Rapture from their Lays,
While rival'd Angels shew amaze,
And drop their Golden Wings.

XI.

Still, God of Life, entrance my Soul
With such Enthusiaſtick Joys ;
And, when grim Death, with dire Controul,
My Pleasures in this lower Orb destroys,
Grant this Request, whatever you deny,
For Love I bore to Melody,
That round my Bed, a sacred Choir
Of ſkilful Masters tune their Voice,
And, without Pain of agonizing Strife,
In Confort with the *Lute* confpire,
To untie the Bands of Life ;
That, dying with the dying Sounds,
My Soul, well tun'd, may rise,
And break o'er all the common Bounds
Of Minds, that grovel here below the Skies.

When

XII.

When living die, and dead Men live,
And Order is again to *Chaos* hurl'd,
Thou, Melody, shalt survive
And triumph o'er the Ruins of the World.
A dreadful Trumpet never heard before,
By Angels never blown, till Then,
Thro' all the Regions of the Air shall roar
That Time is now no more :
But Lo ! a diff'rent Scene !
Eternity appears,
Like Space unbounded, and untold by Years.
High in the Seat of Happiness Divine
Shall Saints and Angels in full *Chorus* join ;
In various Ways,
Seraphick Lays

The unceasing Jubilee shall crown,
And, whilst Heav'n echoes with his Praise,
The Almighty's self shall hear, and look, delighted,
(down.)

XIII.

Who would not wish to have the Skill
Of Tuning Instruments at Will ?

Ye Pow'rs, who guide my Actions, tell
Why I, in whom the Seeds of Musick dwell,
Who most its Pow'r and Excellence admire,

Whose very Breast it self's a Lyre,
Was never taught the heav'nly Art
Of modulating Sounds,
And can no more, in Confort, bear a Part
Than the wild *Roe*, that o'er the Mountains bounds?

Cou'd I live o'er my Youth again,
(But ah! the Wish how idly Vain!)

In stead

Instead of poor, deluding Rhime,
Which, like a Syren, murders Time,
Instead of dull, Scholastic Terms,
Which made me stare and fancy Charms ;
With *Gordon's* brave Ambition fir'd,
Beyond the towering *Alps*, untir'd,
To tune my Voice I'd roam ;
Or search the Magazines of Sound,
Where Musick's Treasures lie profound,
With *Malcolm* here at Home.
Malcolm, the Dear, deserving Man,
Who taught in Nature's Laws,
To spread his Country's Glory can

Practise the Beauties of the Art, and shew its Ground
(and Cau

XIV.

Let others, in their labour'd Verse,
Divine *Cicilia's* Fame rehearse.

Let 'em, unenvy'd, old *Amphion* raise,
Or, with feign'd Tales of *Orpheus*, toil to please.
They, and ten thousand more may vainly sing,

Or sweep the sounding Lyre —

At *Malcolm's* Name, my Juster Muse takes Wing,
And tow'r's sublimely high'r.

He, wond'rous Man ! from eyeless Shades of Night
(Where long conceal'd they lay)

The Principles of Musick brings to Light,
And gives immortal Day.

The Mechanism let others know,
And in their Ways excel,
Malcolm to greater Depths can go,

Can all its hidden Charms explain, and all its Mysteries
(tell.

XV.

Hail, happy Friend! with God-like Vertues crown'd'
Skill'd in the Arts and Origine of Sound,
Who

Who grasps in Theory all the heav'nly Springs
Of Melody, and wakes the silent Strings ;
At once, can gaze the sounding Secrets thro',
And rival *Cherubs* in the Practice too !

In ev'ry Page of thy great Work, we find
Criterions of thy Philosophick Mind :
For these, the *Publick* Labours in your Praise —
But we, blest Few ! who, only, know your Lays,
A double Monument, in Gratitude, must raise.





A N
O D E,
—
ON
B U C H A N A N.
—
INSCRIB'D TO
Mr. THOMAS GORDON.

I.



UCHANAN! venerable Shade!

Immortal, by thy Merits, made!

Dare I, a Modern of inferior Lays,

At distance of Two hundred weakening Years,

VOL. I.

D

Attempt

POEMS

Attempt the Grandeur of thy Praise,

Or strow thy Urn with Tears ?

Vain Piety ! preposterous Grief !

In Wit's bright Orb, Thou shin'st th'acknowledg'd
 (Chit How

And need'st no statelier Monument of Fame,

But,

Than thy own Works, t'immortalize thy Name !

Far hence — I hear thy deathless Genius say — Thus,

Far hence, ye Vulgar ; nor prophane my Clay.

Imperfect Praise to Slander is ally'd,

Forms

When to uncommon Virtue 'tis apply'd.

Hoot

The World's united Panegyricks fail,

Till th

And, when we think we celebrate, we rail.

Yet, pardoning, smile on an ambitious Muse,

ut, o

Who, with unwearied Pains,

Revolving o'er thy sacred Strains,

Who c

Fires at thy Flame, and by thy Light pursues.

That n

If bear

Like old ELIJAH, drop some Gift of thine,

And, so transfer'd, be half thy Genius mine.

Unelegantly are my Pieces wrought,

How faint the Language! and how low the Thought!

But, when my Fancy's dreft out from thy Store,

My Strokes will then be rude no more.

Thus, when the NILE, with its augmented Train,

Sweeps o'er the *Mempheian* Plain,

Forms, without Life, the Refuse of the Flood!

Hoot all imperfect, from the teeming Mud,

Till the Sun's Heat, the Source of genial Day,

Informs the fashion'd Clay.

II.

ut, oh, what Breast thy Spirit can contain?

Who cou'd, like Thee, th' inspiring God restrain?

s. What mounted Bard thy PEGASUS cou'd fit?

If bear, unstaggering, thy vast Load of Wit?

How shall I then, do thy fam'd Memory Right,

By such an offer'd Mite ?

He, who wou'd measure well such vast Renown,

Must have a Thought, extensive, as thy own.

In vain, the advent'rous Bard invokes the Nine -

In vain, he sues for Aid, at PHOEBUS Shrine -

They're Bankrupts all! BUCHANAN broke

And, whosoe'er, henceforth, attempts to write,

Shou'd call on Him, t'inspire with Wit and Skill

The Stock's his own! He deals it, as he will.

The World, perhaps, to minor Poets m

Some petty Reckonings pay —

At his vast Sum, we stand amaz'd, and cry

Arithmetick can never reach so high!

Yet 'tis some Worth to wonder at his Lays,

And, where we fail to speak, to think his Praise.

III.

Hail mightiest Genius of the honour'd North!

SCOTIA's prime Minister of Wit!

Renown'd in ev'ry Region for thy Worth!

And, in whose Style, an Angel might have writ!

Thy soaring Mind, with Eagle's Flight,

(Wing'd, with undazled Eye, the Realms of Light!

Th'untravel'd Orb thou journeyd'st in thy Thought,

And, to thy World, hast their best Mysteries brought!

What Secret, that the Soul has Pow'r to know,

Too deep for thy Discernment lay?

Angels delighted seem'd, and flew to show

Their kindred Bard the Magazines of Day!

What celestial Heat thy Genius fir'd,

When heav'nly DAVID shone with all thy Flame!

Envy and Rage confess'd thy Muse inspir'd,

And paid unwilling Honours to thy Name!

So well did'st thou perform that dangerous Part,

That all, who, wondering, mark'd the Poet's Art,

Thought him, like DAVID's self, made after GO
(own Head)

Who, like BUCHANAN, dares, alone, engage

The pow'rful Vices of his Age?

In manly *Satyr*, nobly skill'd,

No Age, no Quality, he spar'd:

Crimes of no Kind escap'd the faithful Bard!

To Thrones and Altars he pursued and kill'd!

But, when his Muse the *Tragic Pinions* trys,

Behold how near, and yet how strong, he flys!

What moving Sentiments adorn his Page?

How solemn is his Rage?

O, when shall SCOTIA boast a Pen, expert

Like his, th'*Historian's* Talent to exert?

Who shall with equal Genius lengthen on
Th'immortal Work, by Him begun?

Who shall proceed with his *detective* Taste?
And paint the *present* Times, as he describ'd the *Past*?
Is the great Task, O GORDON, left to Thee?

Was is it not Heav'ns Decree,
That Thou, BUCHANAN's Equal — but in Verse —
Our Supplemental Annals should'st rehearse?
Well fare the Patriot Genius, who employs
His Industry, to benefit Mankind ;
Who builds what Time, or Prejudice, destroys,
And finishes the Work our Sires design'd.

IV.

Our cold and gloomy Realm in Ignorance lay,
'Till, like the Kindler of the Day,
BUCHANAN shone the Shades away.

Rough

Rough were the antient Tracks, 'till He
Mark'd a fair Path to Immortality.

With cautious Secrecy, thro' mystick Veils
Of Allegories dark, and uncouth Tales,
(Which, for the Laiety to doubt, was Sin !)

Poetic Light had long been dimly shewn,
And, in dull Hands, was almost Useless grown,
Till He, Defender of the Faith ! came in.
The Knots, that they so artfully had ty'd,
And drawn so close, with superstitious Charms,
Disdaining to untie, he dar'd divide
With *Alexander's* Force, and Reason's Arms.

Empty Tradition, and the Cant of Schools,
Vanish'd before his conquering Rules.
The startled Oracles, at once, grew mute,
And own'd him Prophet absolute.

on several Occasions.

41

Hot thro' his Works his Genius glows!

There's Inspiration in his very *Prose*!

Nothing, unpolish'd, has he left behind!

Each Line's a Transcript of his Mind!

His Eloquence, ungloomy, loves to smile,

And strikes in such an apt and easy Style,

That the charm'd Reader yields his captive Heart,

By Force to Reason, and by Choice to Art.

Hence foreign Pens, impartial in his Praise,

Have own'd that ROME was conquer'd by his Lays.

SCOTIA, in Him, the *Roman* Bounds became

In Wit, as well as War!

He prov'd the Clime has Warmth to nourish Fame,

Tho', from the World and Sun divided far!

V.

Tho' the whole classic Store to Him was known,

What'er he writ was all his own.

Nor

Nor studied He, like modern Bards to steal,
Nor chose the scatter'd Glare of common Place.
To emulate the Antients was his Zeal—
But he outran them in the Race!
No Numbers, Theme, nor Strain,
Had Pow'r to give him Pain.
Nature sat easy in his flowing Lays,
And Art but serv'd to gild his gather'd Bays.
O how unequal are our vulgar Bards!
Drudges, who sell Opinion for Rewards!
Toiling, they strain'd for all they writ,
Curs'd with a painful Stranguary of Wit!
Or, if they pass a Piece in Haste,
What obvious Want of Taste!
All undigested the crude Metre lies,
And, like a lost Abortive, dies.

BUCHANAN's Works from no chance Stroke arose;

No shuffled Atoms did his World compose.

Well did he mark, where Wit's Foundation lay,

And, building sure, cou'd fear no swift Decay,

Finding, at best, pretending Poet's Rhimes

Faintly reflect the Shine of antient Times,

He, by the Sun, it self, did guide his Flight,

Nobly disdainful of a borrowed Light.

Fed from this unexhausted Store, his Flame

Must long burn clear, and brighten into Fame,

Such Patriarch Wit asserts the Pow'r

To live, till Time it self's no more !

Legions of scribbling Names, a Nation's Curse !

Shall die, like Men of humble Prose, or worse —

But, when ev'n MILTON's stock of Fame is spent,

BUCHANAN's Works shall keep their own old Rent.

That

That Earth, he honour'd, boasts but equal Date,
And both shall burn, at once, in one effulgent Fate.

VI.

Unhappy We, who, in our native Tongue,
Imprison short-liv'd Song.

Our Buildings, on a sandy Bottom rear'd,
Must soon lie level with the Plain:

Like Leaves of Trees, the Words, that late appear
So elegant, so forceful, and endear'd,
Shall fall, ere long ; nor be reviv'd again.

So Life and living Languages agree —
Each, for its Date alone, can hope to be.

Our Spirit lives but while our Language lasts;
Our Fame can be no more, when that decays.
Alas ! how soon the boasted Glory wastes!

How fading are our Lays !

BUCHANAN knew, and shun'd this Rock,

On which poor Moderns split —

The Causē why erring Strangers mock

Our Want of Learning, or of Wit.

His Mind, expanding, grasp'd at all Mankind,

And, for a World's wide Use, his Works design'd.

Now, hence, in ev'ry Realm they're current Coin ;

All know, and own the Stamp divine,

And jarring Nations, in his Praises, join.

True, Schismatics — for such in Verse are found,

As in Religion they abound —

Will never cease with empty Rage

To persecute the Worthies of their Age.

Homer by *Momus* was purſu'd,

And *Moevius* hunted after *Maro's* Blood.

What keeps the hoary D E N N I S still in Life,

But everlasting Enmity and Strife ?

Nor

Nor, Friends, nor Foes, escape his common Lash
 If he gives Quarter, 'tis for Ready-Cash.
 But, when unusual Beauties strike his Sight,
 They, and their Authors are condemn'd outright
 Condemn'd! — that He may earn a Morsel by't. Hast
 O Man of Grin, say, had'st thou never spy'd
 The Charms of *Steele*, of *Addison*, and *Pope*,
 Woud'st thou not, desperate, long ere now have dy
 By Fire, or Water, Razor, or by Rope ?

BUCHANAN had his Criticks too ;
 Alive, his Merits fed a Few :
 And dead, his Manes struggles with old Fate !
 * *Welford* and *Trap* combine, at least to prate.
 But what are vain and unregarded Elves,
 Whose Writings die before Themselves ?

* See *Welford's Longinus*, *Trap's Prelectiones Poeticæ*, and *Burn's Preface to his Edition of Buchanan*.

Thou, Burman, of distinguish'd Worth and Name,
Woud'st Thou too stab the immortal Poet's Fame?
How many *Gilders* bought thy venal Pen,
To preface forth such Calumny and Spleen?
Hast Thou, at Last, consented to be vile?
And broke the *Dutch* Alliance with our Isle?

VII.

Accurst Attempt! Endeavour vain!
BUCHANAN's Character to stain.
An Antient grown, he soars away,
Unreach'd by Carrion Birds of Prey,
And, on their Arts, his Genius looks Disdain.
He liv'd on Earth, tho' Dangers hem'd him round,
In venerable Age his Virtues crown'd;
Nature's Self grew weary to supply
^{d Burn}Soul, whose Call was so immensely large:

At

At hoary Years she let him die,
And gain'd her wish'd Discharge.
But to recruit her self, and store Mankind,
She feiz'd the Treasure of his Mind,
A Mind! which now, but Piecemeal, she impa
Than
Uncapable of all the Sciences and Arts.
So fell the sacred *Sybil*, when her Breast
Of utmost Inspiration was possest.
What tho' he boasted not a proud Descent
From Ancestors, already great in Fame?
Nor left an Heir for future Ornament
Of his remember'd Name?
'Tis fit such Worth alone shou'd be
Its own great Founder and Posterity.
Riches and Empire are but empty Things,
Without the Glory Merit brings.

For me, I'd rather boast BUCHANAN's Wit,

Than, like his Pupil, such a Sovereign fit.

And what Man lives, who wou'd not rather chuse

Homer's inspiring Muse,

Than, like *Achilles*, Hero of his Pen,

Run bravely mad, and murder Men ?

VIII.

How has this Poet's Wealth his Country bar'd,

and left it almost barren, to this Day ?

So vast a Treasure this Engrosser shar'd,

That from Sixth JAMES's Time,

SCOTIA has scarce been blest with Rhime !

So great her Wit's Decay !

at common Bays our Poet's Temples crown'd,

gs, Then *Hathornden* and *Sterling* were renown'd;

Then *Aiton*, *Barclay*, *Scot*, and *Johnston* shone ;

Then great *Montrose*, and fam'd *Mackenzie*, liv'd ;

Vol. I.

E

When

When *Lauderdale*, like *Atlas*, stood alone ;
And in *Pitcarn's* bright Soul the Muses thriv'd.
Now, *mungrel* Herds the holy Ground prophetiz'd,
And crop the Muses sacred Soil, in vain.
We think we soar, while others know we creep,
And wake our selves to make a Thousand fleet,
Small is our Strength, and low our Credit grant'd no
And, o'er the Land of Verse, *Prosaick* Dullness flourishes what
'Tis true, that Virtue, sullen and retir'd,
Oft shines alone, and shuns to be admir'd.
She, round her Merit, casts a willing Shade,
And fears to be betray'd.
Hence not a Few, whose Souls are rais'd to earth,
Above the vulgar Throng,
Chuse rather to remain, unprais'd,
Than prove their Pow'r in Song.

Thus *Graem* and *Murray* shun to please,

nd *Scot* and *Bennet* sanctify their Ease.

hus *Robertson*, with native Fires, may roam,

nd *Boyd* and *Stevenson* shine retir'd at Home.

But save us, gracious Heav'n, from those,

Who versify in Prose.

t no enquiring Strangers judge our Worth,

what profess'd Poetick Quacks bring forth.

IX.

But great BUCHANAN's Heav'nly Song,

Will hallow our *Parnassus* long,

I sanctify, or screen, the tuneful Throng.

ais'd earth his Umbrage, now a youthful Race

s, observant of the Master's Pace.

inely fir'd, *Edina*'s Sons appear,

all the Badges of their *Athens* wear,

By the kind Godhead's special Licence, fit
For the great *Cure* and *Ministry* of Wit.

Some Souls, compleat by Nature spring Divine,^{mpr}

Nor wait for Ordination from the Nine;

Like *Independants*, for no Forms they care,

And, in their Talent, their Credentials wear.

BUCHANAN thus, by happy Genius blest,

Disdain'd to practice as the Muse's *Priest*;

But boldly *Bishop'd* it in Sacred Song,

And claim'd the Rev'rence of the wond'ring Th

Like his, my Sons, will your Meridian be!

The Dawn so bright, what mayn't we hope to

What is not due from Promise of your Youth

North-British Muses will outsoar the South.

O let no Energy you boast,

Like a consuming Lamp, be lost.

On several Occasions. 53

Keeping that fiery Pillar in your Eye,
Improve, appear, and be more blest than I.

X.

W^hrice happy Muses, who, by Fortune blest,
Need no Protection from th'unjudging Great!
But sing for Pleasure in a Calm of Rest,
And shame the *Proverb* of the *Poet's Fate*!
From above, great God, my Genius came,
I possess one Spark of heav'nly Flame,
E'er a Verse of mine had Luck to fit
Arbuthnot's Taste, and *Malcom's Ear*,
Keep me from the common Curse of Wit,
And give me some convenient *Canaan* here.
Happy the Bard, who, for the Muse's Sake,

From his dull Country driv'n,

In wiser Lands can Refuge take
As Earnest of a future Heav'n,

A Heav'n! where *Priestly Vengeance* never gl

Nor dark Souls enter, all absorpt in Prose.

There Poets their sad Funerals survive,

And, in their better Part, are still alive.

They, and they only, fill the Thrones above

No other Souls can suit so well

The Posts of Harmony and Love,

Whence Rebel-Angel Poets fell.

And, when all Vacancies shall be supply'd

With Bards elect, and next a-Kin

T'Angelick Forms, who ne'er their God def

The Gates of Heav'n, for ever shut, will take

(other)





THE

CHARMS of INDOLENCE.

DEDICATED TO

A certain Lazy PEER.

HY Charms, O sacred *Indolence*, I sing,

Droop, yawning Muse, and moult thy
sleepy Wing.

Ye lolling Pow'rs, (if any Powers there be,

Who loll supine) to you I bend my Knee:

O'er my lean Labour, shed a vapoury Breath,

And clog my Numbers, with a Weight, like Death.

I feel th'arrested Wheels of Meaning stand: "Till
With Poppy ting'd, see! see! yon waving Wand Natu

MORPHEUS, I own the Influence of thy Reign No
A drowsy Sloth creeps, cold, thro' every Vein. A Pl
Furr'd, like the Muses' Magistrate, I sit, The
And nod, superiour, in a Dream of Wit. And
Action expires, in Honour of my Lays, The
And Mankind snores Encomiums to my Praise. The
Hail, holy State of unalarm'd Repose! Anti
Dear Source of honest, and substantial Prose! That
Thou blest Assylum of Man's wearied Race! Thou
Nature's dumb Picture, with her solemn Face And
How shall my Pen, untir'd, thy Praise pursue? Fr
O Woe of Living to have ought to do! Whe
'Till the Almighty Fiat waken'd Life, Now
And wondering Chaos rose in untry'd Strife; t lon

upon several Occasions. 57

"Till Atoms jostled Atoms, in the Deep,
Nature lay careless, in eternal Sleep.
No whisp'ring Hope, no murmuring Wish, possesst
A Place, in all th'extended Realms of Rest.
The Seeds of Being, undisturb'd, remain'd,
And Indolence, thro' Space, unbounded, reign'd.
Thence, lordly Sloth, thy high Descent we trace!
The World's less ancient than thy reverend Race!
Antiquity's whole Boast is on thy Side,
That great Foundation of the modern Pride!
Thou wert grown old before the Birth of Man,
And reign'dst before Formation's self began.
From Thee Creation took its new-born Way,
When Infant Nature smil'd on opening Day.
Now, winking, weary of th'oppressive Light,
It longs to be re-hush'd in lulling Night:

For

For each bold Starter from thy pow'rful Reign,
Returns, at Length, thy humble Slave again.
Oh! happy He, who, conscious of thy Sweet
Safe to thy circling Arms, betimes, retreats.
Rais'd on thy downy Carr, he shuns all Strife,
And lolls along the Thorny Roads of Life.
Indulgent Dreams his slumbering Senses please,
And his numb'd Spirits shrink to central Ease.
Nor Passion's Conflicts his soft Peace infest,
Nor Danger rowzes his unlistening Rest.
Stretch'd in supine Content, afloat, he lies,
And drives down Time's slow Stream, with un^{un}He,
Lethargic Influence bars th'Approach of Pain,
And Storms blow round him, and grow hoarse^{And}
His⁽¹⁾ Forgetful

on several Occasions. 59

Forgetfulness plays, balmy, round his Head,
And Halcyon Fogs hang, lambent, o'er his Bed.

O Sov'reign Sloth! to whom we Quiet owe,
Nature's kind Nurse! soft Couch for weary Woe!
Safe in thy Arms, th'unbusied Slumberer lies,
Lives without Pain, and, without Sighing, dies.
States rise or fall, his Lot is still the same,
For he's above Mischance, who has no Aim.

How curs'd the Man, who still is musing found?
His Mill-Horse Soul forms one eternal Round?
When wiser Beasts lie lost, in needful Rest,
He, Madman! wakes, to war on his own Breast.

Thoughts dash on Thoughts, as Waves on Waves
(increase,

And Storms, of his own raising, wreck his Peace.

Now, like swift Coursers, in the rapid Race,
His Spirits strain for Speed—now, with slow Pace,

The

The sinking Soul, tir'd out, scarce limps along,
Sullen, and sick, with such Extreams of Wrong

What art thou, Life, if Care corrodes thy Span?

A gnawing Worm! a Bosom-Hell to Man!

If e'er distracting Busines proves my Doom,
Thou, Indolence, to my Deliv'rance come.

Distil thy healing Balm, like soft'ning Oil,

And cure th'ignoble Malady of Toil.

Thou, best Physician! can't the Sulphur find,
That dries this Itch of Action on the Mind.

Malice, and Lust, voracious Birds of Prey,
That out-soar Reason, and our Wishes sway;
Desires' wild Seas, on which the wise are tost,
By Pilot Indolence, are safely crost.

Hush'd in soft Rest, they quiet Captives lie,
And, wanting Nourishment, grow faint and die.

By Thee, O sacred Indolence, the Sons
Of honest Levi, loll, like lazy Drones:
While tatter'd Hirelings drudge, in saying Pray'r,
Thou tak'st sleek Doctors to thy downy Care.

Well dost thou help, to form the double Chin,
Dilate the Paunch, and raise the reverend Mien.
By Thee, with stoln Discourses they are pleas'd,
That we, with worse, may not be dully teez'd:

A Happiness! that Laymen ought to prize,
Who value Time, and wou'd be counted wise.

From Thee, innumerable Blessings flow!

What *Coffee-man* does not thy Virtues know?
Tobacconists and *News-mongers* revere
Thy lordly Influence, with religious Fear.

Chairs, Coaches, Games, the Glory of a Land,
Are all the Labours of thy lazy Hand.

Th'Excise,

Th' *Excise*, the *Treasury*, strengthen'd, by thy *Affairs*
 Own thy great Use, and Energy, in Trade. Can y
 Who does not taste the Pleasures of thy Reign? n dro
 Princes, themselves, are Servants in thy Train. But se

DIOGENES, thou venerable Shade? Did e
 Thou wert, by Indolence, immortal made. Dr, to
 Thee most I envy of all human Race! When
 Ev'n in a Tub, thou held'st thy native Grace! Does I
 Thy Soul out-foar'd the vulgar Flights of Life, When
 And look'd abroad, with Scorn, at Noise, and Strife Lo
 To thy hoop'd Palace no bold Busines pres'd, 'er S
 No Thought usurp'd the Kingdom of thy Breast. oize
 Thou to high-fated ALEXANDER's Face hen
 Maintain'dst, that Ease was nobler far than Place. 'orrie
 Th' insulted World before him bow'd the Knee: That
 Thou sat'st unmov'd, more Conqueror than He. nall

Scarc

A discourse, O ye Advocates, for Wit's wild Chase,
Can your long Heads be reconcil'd to Grace !
In drowsy Dulness, deep Devotion dwells,
But searchful Care contented Faith expels.
Did ever Indolence produce Despair,
Or, to rash Wishes, prompt th' impatient Heir ?
When Murmurings, and Rebellions, shake a State,
Does Love of Rest, or Action, animate ?
When did two Sleepers clash in murd'rous War,
Stript Love of Ease draw Wranglers to the Bar ?
'er Sea and Land, the World's wide Space surround,
Ass't size ev'ry Loss, and probe each aking Wound,
When say which most, or Busines, or Repose,
Acc'ree. Worries our Lives, and wakes us into Woes ?
See : That first gave Talons to coercive Law ?
He. shall Need to keep the Indolent in Awe !

Hatch'd

Hatch'd we our South-Sea Egg, by Want of Thought,

Are Jobbers airy Arts, in Slumber taught?

What State was ever bubbled out of Sense,

By good, unfear'd, unmeaning, Indolence?

Weigh, and consider, now, which Cause is best,

And, yawning, yield—There's Happiness in Rest,

O how I pity those deluded Fools,

Who drudge their Days out in bewild'ring Schools,

Who, seeking Knowledge, with assiduous Strife,

Lose their long Toil, and make a Hell of Life!

Grasping at Shadows, they but beat the Air,

And cloud the Spirits they attempt to clear.

Jargon of Tongues, perplexive Terms of Art,

And mazy Maxims, but benight the Heart.

No End, no Pause, of painful Search they know,

But, still proceeding, aggrandize their Woe;

On several Occasions. 65

Their Nakedness of Soul with Fig-Leaves hide,
nd wrap their conscious Shame in Veils of Pride.

rring, they toil some shadowy Gleam to find,
nd, wand'ring, feel their Way, sublimely blind.

eft, learning in This, in That Scale, Doubt be laid,

Reft and mark how Pomp is, by plain Truth, outweigh'd.

Hereafter then, ye poring Students, cease,
cho or maze your Minds, nor break your Chain of
rife, (Peace.

fe! Take Truce with Leisure for awhile, and view
nat empty Nothings your Desires pursue.

nember A D A M 's fatal Itch, to know,
Art, s the first bitter Spring of human Woe.

rt. ink how presumptuous 'tis for breathing Clay,
y know tread Heav'n's winding Paths, and lose its Way:

e; ink what short Limits Understanding boasts,

T than th'Enticements of her shoaly Coasts.

With SOLOMON, that prudent Sage ! and M

From fruitless Labour set your Spirits free :

Bind up bold Thought, in Slumber's filky Cha

Since all we act, and all we know, is vain.



THE
JUDGEL:
A N
Heroic POEM.

In SIX CANTO's.

Dedicated to Sir ROBERT MONTGOMERY, Bart.

CANTO I.

WAKE! Wake! my flumb'ring Muse, and
soar sublime;
No vulgar Subject now demands thy
Rhyme:

Empire and Arms, those beaten Themes! dis-

And dare be Great in an unrival'd Strain!

CUDGEL! a Theme unsung by mortal Bard,

Whose Form, mysterious, claims no mean Re-

Commands thy Flight, and, partial for thy fa-

Will pay kind Criticks for the Pains they take;

O DENNIS! hoary Judge of measur'd Phrase,

To my Theme's Weight inspire my tow'ring

Breathe thro' my daring Breast the *Antient's* Fough-

And guide me, by thy Rule and Square, to

Scornful of trifling *Wits*, I knit my Brow,

And, serious, to thy solemn Grandeur bow;

Do thou my widening Thought, with

And form a Piece original all o'er:

So shall POPE's ravish'd *Locke* its Pride refy—

And HILL's bright *Star* confess a brighter S

on several Occasions. 69

CUDGEL, alone, shall be the Muse's Care,
Id I, even I! th' immortal Laurel wear,
I FEEL! I feel! my swelling Mind possest;
Not such high Raptures heav'd the *Sybil's* Breast,
hen, trembling, near the sacred Shrine she trod,
with the Dictates of th' inspiring God.
It Images are pictur'd on my Brain,
d Words are wanting, Notions to explain;
oughts crowd on Thoughts, as *Alps* on *Alps* arise,
d Worlds of Wonder open to my Eyes.
Mount! mount! wild Muse, past Ages wide
(survey,
draw down CUDGEL to th' incumbent Day;
whence it sprung, its antient Honours show,
wond'ring Nations its Importance know;
— and reflect how oft vast Virtues lie
in plain Looks, and shun the proud Man's Eye;

CU

F 3

So

So shall a wholesome Moral crown my Tale,
And raise its Value, tho' it damns its Sale.

Puzzled in mazy Comments, here, I rove—
Facts, of high Consequence, are hard to prove—
Ne'er, with more Warmth, was Subject to
Than *where* and *whence* our CUDGEL had its
Poets and *Churchmen*—Criticks in Dispute—
On different Sides, *ascertain* and confute;
The Reverend, zealous in the Cause of God,
Maintain it, once, was *Aaron's* budding Rod,
By Miracle preserv'd, a *Hebrew* Sign,
From which the Priesthood draws its Right—
Its Right of Power, our rebel Wills to sway,
And *burn* the Unfaithful, who refuse t'obey.
This—Virulent in Wit—the *Bards* deny,
And dare profanely write, that *Priests* can ly

they say, old *Laban* to outwit,
breaking this Stick, the unwary *Patriarch* bit;
since when our *Shepherds* us, poor *Flock!* betray —
The *Father of the Faithful* taught the way!)
some hold, who changeful Nature's Depths explore,
The Staff was perfect Man, in Days of Yore:
ut as, according to a noted * *Sage*,
things got new Beings, in a new-born Age,
our Man, who some three thousand Years lay dead,
came forth a Staff, but with his old-world Head;
and Heaven this wooden Punishment assign'd,
or his dull Dryness, when of human Kind.
Clear Truth is ne'er, but on one side, discern'd,
et e'en its Shadow can confound the Learn'd;
pecious Pretences, oft, the Mind deceive,
and Readers know not what they shou'd believe.

* Pythagoras.

Let quoting Criticks various Judgments pass,
 And Volumes of Authorities amass:
 By Revelation's Light, *we* steer our Course, With
 Nor feel, for differing from the Church, Removak
 To no *Pope*'s Bulls a blind Obedience pay, y fl
 But set Things right, the plain, *reforming*, way,nd,
 O †Knight, of noble Name! to whose due P_t T
 My lab'ring Muse, now, tunes her tow'ring Lay W
 Pardon, if I such Wonders not conceal,
 But the dark Mysteries of thy Staff reveal:
 Do thou, who best can't vouch what I rehearſe
 Forgive, accept, and patronize, my Verse.
 In that sweet Month, when genial Earth gr
 (wahe C
 And, bounteous, yields, for ev'ry Sense, a CharCo
 When smiling Nature shadows ev'ry Grove, Ead
 And ev'ry Meadow spreads a Couch for Love; And
 C

† Sir R. Montgomery.

as, Calm Night, on Care, her silent Balm had shed,
And, in soft Slumbers, lull'd the pensive Head;
With his fair Consort, on his Bed, reclin'd,
Wakful MONTGOMERY sooth'd his careful Mind;
By slow Reflexion's Aid, recall'd the Day,
And, deep revolving its past Actions, lay.
P 'Tis strange, he said, dear Partner of my Thought,
Lay What lasting Ills a * few short Months have
(wrought!
How are the Mighty fal'n? With what Surprise
Is Gyant Credit sunk to Pigmy Size?
O Year! that, big in Hope, produc'd such Ill,
How will thy Wonders *British* Annals fill?
(wher Charmer sigh'd, and, sighing, stroak'd his Cheek:
Comfort, abroad, you good Men vainly seek;
Each new-born Day brings on some new Distress,
Love; And, but to *merit*, is to *miss* Success.

“ Happy

* *The Bubbling Season.*

“ Happy the Man, who boasts some inmate Chan
“ Whose Love can Fortune’s angry Bolts disarm
“ Tho’ Stocks are low, and high-rais’d Hopes pr
“ All Praise to Heaven! some solid Joys remain
“ ’Tis ours, at least, to share Domestic Bliss—
“ ’Tis ours—she sigh’d—and prov’d it with a Ki
The Knight, inspir’d, grew glad, and banish’d C
Sought Comfort near at hand—and found it Ther
Clear’d by the Lustre of her beamy Eyes,
He mark’d the Moon’s pale Orb serenely rise;
Soft, thro’ the shiny Glas, with shadowy Gleam
A trembling Radiance shot its filvery Stream;
And, ’twixt the inclosing Curtains, struck the P
Where grim-ey’d CUDGEL spread its squalid F
Starting, the thoughtful Baronet look’d on,
And thus, bespoke the Nymph, who near him sh

" A precious Jewel was, of late, reveal'd,
" Long, in the Head of an old Staff, conceal'd:
" Its humble Owner, of [†] Plebeian Name,
" At once, enrich'd, bids fair for Pride and Fame.
" What, then, have I to hope, wou'd Fortune smile,
" Of Race long noted! o'er this fruitful Isle?
" Mark well — thou Angel-Guardian of my Side,
(With that He seiz'd, and drew the Curtain wide:)
" Mark well — that CUDGEL's most exotick Head,
" Its Cheeks enormous, in vast Convex, spread!
" Why shou'd this be, but to conceal within
" Some Gem—which, if we burst its Brain, we win—
Smiling, the Charmer sought his careful Breast,
And, breathing balmy, lull'd him into Rest.
Scarce had Sleep's filken Fetters bound their Eyes,

When the rous'd CUDGEL, quivering with Surprize,

[†] A Coffee-man near Lincoln's-Inn Fields, Anno Dom. 1721.

Sadly

Sadly revolv'd the dreadful Words it heard,
And its near Fate, with rising Morning, fear'd.
Slowly, with tottering Leaps, and awkward Aim,
To the Beds Foot the one-legg'd Mover came:
Sullen it stood, and looking, glary, round,
Thrice knock'd, with wooden Heel, the tremblin
(Groun
Swift flew ten thousand *Sylpheids* thro' the Air,
From the strange Sight, to skreen their sleeping Can
Thick, round her lovely Eyes, in hovering Clings
Swarming, they close, and shade her with their Wing
CUPGEL, mean while, made desperate, by its Fe
Up to the *Knight*, leap'd bold, and view'd him nea
Bow'd in stiff Gravity, and crackly Strain,
And three times knock'd his Lip, but knock'd in vain
Starting, at length, he rais'd his drowsy Head,
And, Warrior, as he was, felt inward Dread.

"Good

“ Good God! what horrid Thing is This? he cry’d.

“ Be calm, the CUDGE L, soberly, reply’d—

“ Break not this Angel Sleeper’s soft Repose,

“ But hear me, gently, my strange Tale disclose:

“ Long-wanted Speech your Menace has provok’d,

“ And Fear has, almost, my new Accents choak’d.

“ Hard the tough Toil! for Tongues so dry as mine,

“ To speak like Man’s, made glib by moistning
(Wine)

“ Yet hear me—and be mov’d to Thoughts of Grace’

“ Nor rashly dare to spoil my Reverend Face.

“ Tho’ my Head swells with promissory Grin,

“ There’s no material Treasure lodg’d within:

“ Yet Wealth, more precious, you possess in me,

“ Than the proud Wish of boasted Alchymy! ”

“ In all the best Saints Names—reply’d the Knight—

“ Spirit! or Witch! what art thou?—Ho! a Light!

“ Hush,

" Hush, whisper'd CUDGEL, hear my Story out, From
 " And if it clear not every dark'ning Doubt,
 " Slash me to Pieces—drive me out of Life—
 " And mince my Chips with the huge Kitch
 (K And, Sing But I
 " But, Master, let not Courage sink to Fear,
 " As from my Lips articulate Sounds you hear:
 " In Days of Yore, as famous Authors sing,
 " The Speech of Trees was thought no wond'r
 (Thi
 " Beasts, Birds, and Stones, on just Occasions, sp
 " Did not sage BAALIM his poor *Ajs* provoke?
 " And can't I, ev'n amongst your human Kind,
 " My Kindred-Heads, in countless Millions, find
 It spoke — the *Knight* Attention gave —
 (wh
 The CUDGEL told him of its wond'rous Fate,
 Fro

our, From Earth's first Forming, to King *GEORGE*'s
(Reign,

Sing Muse, and spare not, in detective Strain:

But here short Respite let the Spirits take,

(K_m) And, with fresh Vigour, to the Sequel wake.

The End of the First CANTO.



T H E

25

and how I have lost my
abundance and my friends are
gone -
; when we were at the beach last year
we had a wonderful time and
when I was there I thought it was
the best place in the world.

U

H

D

26

L.



T H E
U D G M E N T
O F
H E R C U L E S.
A
D O E M.



D L. I.

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P R E F A C E.



Take the following Verses of the ancient Poet HESIOD, to have been the Foundation, or First Draught, of the famous Herculean Tablature.

Tὸν μὲν γάρ κακότητα καὶ ἴλασδόν εἶπεν ἐλέντας
‘Ρηϊδίως. λένιν μὲν οὐδός, μαῖλα δὲ ἔγινον ναιεῖ.
Τὸν δὲ αἰρῆντα ιδρῶτα θεοὶ περπάσσοντεν ἐπικαν
‘Αδανῶτοι. μακεὸς δὲ καὶ ὄρθιος οἱ μητροὶ εἰπ’ αὐτὸν,
Καὶ τρηκὼς τὸ πρῶτον εἰπὸν δὲ εἰς ἄκρον ἵκηται
‘Ρηϊδίν δὲ ἡπεῖτα πέλει, χαλεπή περ εἴσα.

But PRODICUS is said to have been the first, who made the Story, and told it for the Instruction of the GREEKS. This Philosopher used to travel round the Country in a Cart, to put off his Precepts; as THESPIS did, when he founded the Drama. There was no Pulpit in those Days. Teachers were itinerant,

rant, a Sort of Apostles of their own sending! endeavoured more to better Men, than to take the Money! Our Mountebanks seem to preserve something of the Form, how little soever of the Power, of Pagan Goodness. I never see a Quack-Doctor ranging the Mob from his humble Stage, Chaife, Afs, but I think of PRODIGUS, THESPIS, HEMER, and other ancient Sages.

“ Sic Canibus Catulos similes, sic Matribus Ha

“ Noram; sic parvis componere Magna soleba

“ Tis not material whether HERCULES ever heard, or dream'd of, the Goddesses here described, or whether the Whole is purely a Poetic Fiction; Moral is the same, and equally instructive. This is the Opinion of one of the wisest and best Heathens ever liv'd; for XENOPHON tells us, the Divine But, CRATES was so fond of it, that he embellished bear recommended the Story to his Athenian Disciples. I have the Pleasure to see it reviv'd, in a very elegant Manner, by the ingenious Hand of my good old Fraught the TATLER. His Penny-papers some time past, plied the Place of the ancient Cart, with great cte nour: People bought the best Instruction and Entertainment, on easy Terms; and BICKERSTAFF, the Help of Printing, was saved the Fatigue of travelling abroad in bad Weather.

“ Ne'er may the SAGE a Splendid Shilling want ;
“ Nor sigh for Coach or Chariot, Chaise or Chair,
“ Or gentle Pad, to bear his gouty Limbs,
“ Unhurt, as he LANGUNNOR Fields, in Quest
“ Of Air Untainted, traverses sedate,
“ Health to regain ! O may his useful Life
“ Softly decay, and happily expire ;
“ Leaving behind, among lamenting Crowds,
“ A Name and an Example, ever dear,
“ And deathless as his Lucubrations fam'd !
“ Him, should the Fates permit me to survive,
“ To Song lugubrious shall my wretched Muse
“ Commit BRITANNIA's Sorrows, and my own.

But not to insist on this Subject (tho' 'tis hard to
bear expatiating on a Theme so beloved) I must
in the Book I took the first Hint and Design of my
y elem from, is Lord SHAFTESBURY's Historical
ld Fraught, or Tablature of the Judgment of HER-
ime LES, printed in the third Volume of his CHA-
reat CTERISTICS. That noble and excellent Wri-
and Eban presented us with an admirable Idea of the
T AFFESES represented in this Fable, Vision, (or what
e of phrase to call it) of the Ancients. But, as his
dship's Work is of more Use to a Painter than a
I could only gather a few Embellishments for
“ Descriptive Parts; and was left to my own Ima-
tion and Invention in the Dialogue or Contrast,

wherein the main Busines or Action of the Poem
sifts. I have endeavoured to fill the Mouths of
Pleaders with proper Arguments; I mean, the best
could think a Pagan would have used, on this Occasion.
And, as for the Language and Versification, I
I love an unaffected Simplicity and Ease, in
Let some of our noted Bards defend, and delight
forc'd Expressions, antique Phrases, and sonorous Rimes
as much as they please — It shall be always my Rule
in Writing, to follow Nature; for I am of PET
NIUS ARBITER's Opinion,

“ Grandis Oratio non turgida,
“ Sed naturali Pulchritudine exsurgit.”

Every Man, who makes the Muse no more than
Mistress, must think as I do, in this Regard.
whatever be the Defects of this Performance, I
still preserve the Pleasure of thinking I meant well
the Undertaking. It was first design'd, and afterwards
published, for the Benefit of the British
Some of them, who are, like my Hero, puzzled
tween Virtue and Pleasure, may be determined to
a right Judgment and Choice, by the Force of Reason.
That there are many in such Circumstances is to
be questioned. CICERO says, “ Illud maxim
“ rum Genus est eorum, qui aut excellente in
“ magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque
“ trina, aut utraque Re ornati, Spacium delibe
“ habuerunt, quem potissimum vitæ Cursum

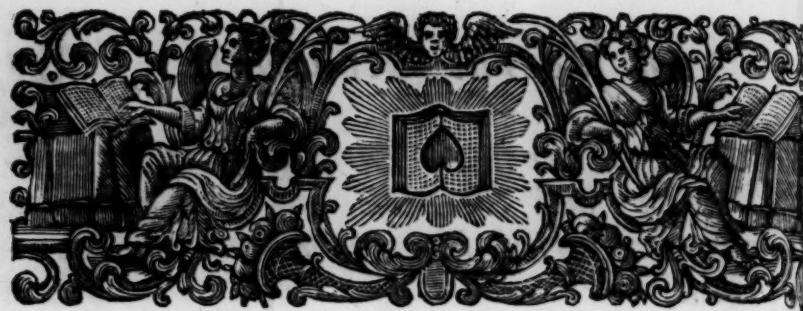
“ ve

cellent." Such are in the fairest Way to be presented to Virtue; and the Muse may gain the End, but Priests often pursue, in vain; for as old HERCULS has it,

" A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies."

It is not to be expected, that the Converts of Virtue would, like HERCULES, go about with a Club in their Hands, and a Lyon's Skin on their Shoulders, to put out Monsters, and destroy Tyrants: But (as a great Author says) Tho' a Man has not the Abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining Parts of a great Character, he has certainly the Capacity being just, faithful, modest, and temperate. Whoever becomes such, is, in some Respects, an Hero. I would crown my Muse, to be told I had a Hand in making one. I would glory more in being the Occasion of this real Good to Society, than in receiving, Score of Poetry, as much Applause, as ever the bestow'd on HOMER, MARO, and MILTON.

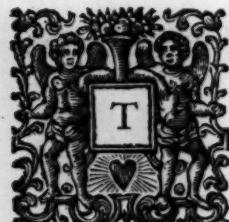




THE
JUDGMENT
OF
HERCULE

Herculis ærumnas credat, sæuosque Labores,
Et Venere, & Cænis, & Pluma Sardanapali.

Juv. Sat.



HE Conflict youthful HERCU

endur'd,

While rival Charms his wavering

allur'd ;

His great Self-Conquest, and Heroic Choice;

I, first, record in Numbers. Tune my Voice,

URAN

U
MANIA, when I sing in *Virtue's Praise*,
consecrate to Heav'n my Favourite Lays:

The noble Cause will sanctify the Verse,
And to the Great and Good commend what I rehearse.

T
In early Times, ere *Fops* and *Beaus* were known,

Or *Vice* and *Folly* had acquir'd Renown ;

When every brave, and every honest Mind
employ'd its Care for Good to human Kind ;

young *HERCULES* (as ancient *Sages* shew.)

Sat
ome time, was dubious what He ought to do,

Labour and *Ease* He had already prov'd;

C U
ut neither yet, præ-eminently, lov'd.

now *This*, now *That*, his various Fancy took,

ing
nd still new Charms his Resolution shook.

Reason and *Passion*, struggling for the Sway,

ce;
ept *Care* awake, and chas'd *Repose* away.

oice,
R A
Deep

Deep in the Woods was a sequester'd Grove,
(Fit Scene for *Meditation* and for *Love.*)

By heavenly *Solitude* and *Silence* blest!

Where, oft, the wearied H E R O us'd to rest;

And, oft, collected with religious Strife,

Muse what shou'd be his future State of Life—

Whether 'twere best to make a settled Choice

Of painful *Labours*, or luxuriant *Joys.*

But, as He thus deliberating lay

Far in the Grove, where glimmer'd scarce the

Two female *Figures*, on a Time, to View

Presented, near the wondering H E R O drew.

One mov'd majestic, with engaging Grace,

And natural Beauty dignify'd her Face;

With dauntless Mien aloft she rear'd her Head,

And next to manly was the *Virgin's* Tread;

er Person tall, and noble was her Air ;
lodest her Eyes ; and careless hung her Hair ;
er whole Behaviour, as her Raiment, chaste ;
; ho' serious were her Looks, she made no forward
(Haste.
he other, in her Countenance display'd
florid Health, with artificial Aid ;
ell was her Face with White and Red adorn'd ;
nd, as she mov'd, she shew'd how much she scorn'd ;
er Mien and Gestures all with Study wrought ;
he each Look the Livery of lascivious Thought !
That various Colours glorify'd her Dress,
w. The more her fair Complexion to express ?
low, on her self, she first, her Glances cast !
hen, on Beholders, for their Liking, last !
ead, and often, to her Shadow, turn'd her Head,
o see the mighty Figure that she made !

Struck

Struck with Surprize the youthful H E R O To give
And round him loose a L I O N 's Hide he throw your w
While this gay V E N U S near his Presence ca To gra
(Stepping, assur'd, before the bashful Dame.) for sur
And briskly, thus, with Eloquence and Art, and B
Prevents her Rival, and allures his Heart. louds

‘ Hail, Godlike Son of all-begetting J O V E nd C
‘ Design'd for Greatness, Luxury, and Love, onfor
‘ My H E R C U L E S ! — But do I find you musend a
‘ What way of Life You chiefly ought to chome,
‘ Is it a Question, whether to be blest,
‘ Or with a World of Misery distrest?
‘ Resolve to follow Me. I'll lead you on hich
‘ To Scenes, where Sorrow never yet was kno
‘ Where you shall never be alarm'd again
‘ With sawcy Noise, Disquietude, and Pain.

Nor Peace, nor War, shall ever have the Pow'r
To give my HERO's Mind Veyation more.
Your whole Employment shall be lasting Ease,
To gratify your Senses, as you please.
Or sumptuous Tables fill the Rooms of State,
And Beds of Roses your Arrival wait;
Clouds of Perfumes will all around you rise,
And Crowds of Beauties kindle your Surprize;
Consorts of Musick charm your Soul to Rest,
And all Elysium ecstasy your Breast!
Come, follow Me, my Way of Life embrace,
And I will bring you to the Halcyon Place,
This Region of Delight! this Heav'n of Joy!
High Care, and Pain, and Busines ne'er annoy."

I know'd to view the stately *Form*; and charm'd
What she said; young HERCULES, disarm'd
in.

Of

Of half his Reason, ask'd the *Lady's* Name, This
And almost prov'd to her Temptations tame. Both

‘ I'm *Happiness*, she answer'd. All, who But

‘ My Nature well, this Character bestow: Or to

‘ But Those, who want to injure me, proclaim Mar

‘ That *Pleasure* only is my proper Name. And

The other *Lady*, now arriv'd, address'd Tha

The youthful HERO, and her Plea express'd Be p

In different Manner, as of different Kind, Gra

To win and hold the Conquest of a Mind. If y

‘ You are (she said) of Origin divine, The

‘ And Proofs of that Descent already shine, And

‘ O HERCULES, in your Behaviour, now, Fir

‘ Within you does not Love to Virtue glow? In

‘ Do you not daily proper Studies ply? In

‘ And to be worthy such Relation try? Stud

This makes me hope your Conduct soon may claim,

Both for your *Self* and *Me*, immortal Fame.

But mark, young HERO, ere I court your Love,

Or to my Fellowship your Fancy move,

Mark well the plain and honest Things I say,

And this establish'd Truth maturely weigh,

That nothing, truly valuable, can

Be purchas'd without *Pain* and *Toil*, by Man.

Gratis, the Gods no real Good bestow;

If you wou'd *reap* the Harvest, you must *plow*.

The *Deity*, to procure his Love adore,

And make new Friendships, by obliging more.

First serve your *Country*, if you hope to share

Its Blessings, and the publick Honours wear.

In *War* or *Peace*, as ever you'd excell,

Study the noble Means to make you well.

On.

- ‘ On these Conditions only, I propose
‘ That Happiness, which HEROES all have ch Enjoy
‘ HERCULES pensive and divided was,
And interested in the puzzling Cause;
Leaning upon his Club, He silent stood,
Nor cou’d distinguish the sincerest Good.
Mean while, the Syren plies his Heart again,
Nor labour’d to perplex it more, in vain.
- ‘ You see, my HERO, *Virtue* has confess’d
‘ That all her *Votaries* must be fore distress’d,
‘ Before ’tis possible they can be bless’d.
‘ How long and difficult the Way *she* moves!
‘ How short and easy *mine* to Pleasure proves!
‘ Be anxious Care and painful Drudgery far,
‘ And all the fickle Fate of boasted War —
‘ My blooming Hero better Blis shall know,
‘ Ev’n all the Pleasures *Pleasure* can bestow.

What wou'd you more? While Youth and Vigour
(last,

Enjoy the Moments; for they fly too fast.

Seize the Occasion wisely, while you *may*;

And all th'Arrears, so due to Nature, pay.

Be various Pleasure all your Soul's Employ,

And every Sense be lost in every Joy.

‘ Alas! (said *Virtue*, with a sideling Glance,
made up of Pity and Disdain, at once.)

What are the mighty Pleasures you propose?

Gilded Destruction, and delicious Woes!

To eat, before an Appetite is rais'd,

Or after craving Hunger is appeas'd;

To drink, when not a-thirst; to sleep, untir'd;

And hunt for Pleasures Nature ne'er requir'd.

Say, have you heard that most delightful Sound

Of Musick, Praise of Deeds with Glory crown'd?

- ‘ Praise of one’s Self ! — Or have your Eyes be-
‘ An Object, that in beauteous Charms excel’d But
‘ The Work of one’s own Hands ? — Your T
‘ Their Youth in Dreams of Bliss mistaken paf\$, They
‘ Unconscious or unheeding, that Remorse, Soun
‘ Anguish and Torment, hoarded up of Cour Thei
‘ Will follow on, to persecute old Age, The
‘ And blast Life’s Evening with Despair and R From
‘ But, as for *Me*, by Gods and good Men l And
‘ Good Men and Gods are both by *Me* app The
‘ To Artizans, I an Associate am, But m
‘ And Guardian Parents my Protection claim. My n
‘ The honest Servant has me for a Friend; By G
‘ He seeks my Sanction ; I Assistance lend. And,
‘ In true and generous Friendships I’ve a Share, Impa
‘ And virtuous Lovers are my special Care. ring

upon several Occasions. 99

Tis true, my *Votaries* banquet not like *Yours*:

But then they keep their Faculties and Pow'rs.

Delicious, tho' not costly, are their Meals,

They eat and drink, as Appetite prevails.

Sound are their Slumbers, and their Wakings glad;

Their Minds not troubled, nor their Faces sad.

The young Man, with Delight, his Praises hears

From the wise Lips of those, who are in Years:

And Those in Years, with honest Pleasure, take

The Honours and Respect, which young Men make.

But not to hold a vain Dispute with *You*,

My noble Followers, howsoever few,

By Gods are favour'd, to their *Country* dear,

And, after Life, immortal Honours wear.

Impatient, *Pleasure* here renews her Plea,

Since her Rival had obtain'd the Sway;

While HERCULES, in pensive, silent Mood,

Still, with his Eyes to Earth projected, stood,

‘ What Words, what Arguments shall PHIFB(c)

‘ What Means, to hold her youthful HERO, Fou

‘ Think, Son of JOVE, before it be too late, If Pre

‘ Think of *her* Followers’ miserable State, Silver

‘

Who, seeking Glory with assiduous Strife, Nam

‘ Are *disregarded*, *scorn’d*, or *starv’d*, in Life. Dr ha

‘ Or, if they feel some secret, hidden Blis, Subst

‘ How poor it is, which none, who want it, All u

‘ I grant, sometimes, they’re talk’d of after Wh

‘ After they’ve spent their Stock of painful Br

‘ But what’s an airy Name? Precarious Joy! Dft ha

‘ Shall HERCULES be bubbled with a Toy And o

‘ Which, *living*, he can’t grasp, nor, *dead*, enor T

lake

“ ”

Present Possession yields a solid Bliss,
And I, young HERO, can afford you *This*.
If Birds, if Fishes, Beasts, or Fruits, or Flow'rs,
Fountains, or Gardens, Palaces, or Bow'rs,
If Pictures, Turrets, Stones of any Kind,
Silver, or Gold, delight your noble Mind, —
Name but the Thing that *Pleasure* can afford,
Or have them all ! of all the Sovereign Lord !
Substantial are the Pleasures I dispense,
All undisguis'd, and suited to the Sense.
When This my Rival's *Votaries* have found,
Bellow oft with Gladness, have they left her Ground ?
Joy ! oft have her boasted *Oracles* turn'd mute,
And own'd my *Love's* Dominion absolute.
This, *Philosophers* of highest Fame
Take *Me* the Seat of *Happiness* suprem.

- ‘ To my sweet Yoak the Haughty and the Pro^c
- ‘ The Bold, the Bravest, and the Best have bo^w Th
- ‘ Both Men and G o d s confess my boundless^s Th
- ‘ And with Delight my sweet Commands obe^e Ne
- ‘ Or, if an Heart renounces my Decrees, ‘ Ne
- ‘ My Darts and Stings can turn it as I please, No
- ‘ But *This* is not a Motive to incline, Lan
- ‘ To my Obedience, such a Soul as thine; And
- ‘ Not *Fear*, but *Love*, my Orator shall be, Am
- ‘ Thy Self the Judge of my Affairs and Me. To
- ‘ And who by Nature fitter form’d to prove Com
- ‘ The Joys of loving, than the Son of J o vⁱ Wh
- ‘ A thousand *Nymphs* of every Sort and Size, The
- ‘ With Beauties more than ever blest thy Eye To
- ‘ Shall wait my Darling, in my charmful Co She
- ‘ And crown thy Joys with everlasting Sport, ly Loo

Come, my young H E R O, and alive obtain
The blest *Elysium*, which the Poets feign ;
The whole Delights of Fountains, Bow'rs and
(Groves,
Nectar, Ambrosia, and immortal Loves.
Near thy soft Walks, which gentlest Gales perfume,
No Tempest, Storm, nor killing Dew shall come.
Laurel and Myrtle, mingled with the Rose
And dropping Woodbine, Arbours shall compose.
Ambitious Flow'rs shall crowd the sacred Ground,
To kiss thy Feet, and court thy Eyes around.
Come, let me lead thee to delicious Bliss,
Where nought annoys, and all you wish for is ;
The happy Goal, the Journey's utmost End,
To which the sweating World, and weary Nature
(tend,
She clos'd ; and, careless on the Ground reclin'd,
Looks and Actions still bewitch'd his Mind ;

And had prevail'd, if *Virtue's* last Effort
Had not been us'd his Spirit to support.

- ‘ O H E R C U L E S (the honest Goddef^s said ^{Say,})
- ‘ How weak is *Youth!* how needful *Reason's* A^{Wou}
- ‘ Thy *Agonies* I see, thy yielding fear; And
- ‘ How great the Loss to lose a Soul so dear! Or,
- ‘ Yet, O beware, and well my Dictates weigh; Wou
- ‘ Yet turn thy Eyes, and mind what I'm to say; Con
- ‘ From *Me*, no Hurt, no Danger can proceed; Tir'd
- ‘ How can my *artless* Arguments mislead? The
- ‘ Mine are not airy Blessings; and I try Wou
- ‘ No Means ignoble for the Victory. Wou
- ‘ And, sure, young Man, if thou art from *Aba* And
- ‘ No base, no fordid Arguments can move. How
- ‘ Is there a sensual Thing of any Kind, The s
- ‘ That can supply the Cravings of thy Mind? Beside
- ‘ *but*

Wert thou possess'd of all the Trifles nam'd,
Master of more than ever Tongue proclaim'd,
said Say, Dost thou think to be exempt from Care ?
s A Wou'd not that Inmate to thy Breast repair,
And ravage all thy boasted Pleasure there ? }
ar ! Or, with those Gifts were some Delight enjoy'd,
gh, Wou'dst thou not soon be satisfy'd and cloy'd ?
o fay Condemn'd eternal Changes to pursue !
eed, Tir'd of the *Old*, and eager of the *New* !
The *New* possess'd, and thy Desires obtain'd,
Wou'd one full Answer of thy Wants be gain'd ?
Wou'd no fresh Cravings thy Delights corrode,
Ab And make a *Mortal* of the fancied G o D ?
How soon the Tinsel-Rapture wou'd be lost !
The short-liv'd Bliss not worth the Pains it cost !
nd ? Besides, young Man, what *Pleasure* can bestow,
‘ What a flatt'ring Sound, and specious Show.
‘ See'st

- ‘ See’st thou not thro’ the Syren’s subtle Ways, L
‘ Think’st thou she means the mighty Things she An
‘ Disguis’d within, there lurks a Poison still, Th
‘ That may thy Intellectual Beauties kill: Th
‘ Sloth, Avarice, and Lust, may soon controul, Ar
‘ The noble Pow’rs of thy Heroic Soul. Acc
‘ And soon, too soon, but with Repentance My
‘ Thy Soul may mourn its miserable State; A S
‘ Condemn’d eternal Pain to undergo, A D
‘ Rising from sad Variety of Woe. A B
‘ These, and like Ills, a Life of Pleasure wait Nor
‘ And She, who would enthrall thec, shews her Plea P
‘ Weigh well the Case; for Virtue tells thee Con
‘ And, following Me, no Danger can ensue. Law
‘ I’ll give thee Wisdom for thy constant Guide, Wak
‘ Honour and Glory shall adorn thy Side, Thy

‘ Br

ays: *Bravery* make greatest Labours thy Delight,
And *Patience* lessen every Burden's Weight.
Then what tho' various Difficulties rise,
Tho' dreadful *Dragons* shou'd my Son surprize,
Arm'd and assisted thus, He'll nothing fear,
Acquire Renown, and keep a Conscience clear.
My faithful *Votaries* boast an inward Feast,
A Satisfaction not to be exprest!
A Life of Pleasure, bounded, but refin'd!
A Bliss adapted to th' immortal Mind!
Nor are they barr'd from Pleasures of the Sense,
Pleasures within right Reason's sacred Fence:
Confinement is no Slavery, but their Choice;
Lawful Restraint produces honest Joys.
Wake then, and waste not, in inglorious Ease,
Thy noble Spirit, and thy happiest Days.

‘ Prepare

- ‘ Prepare for *Arms*; and vindicate thy *Birth*,
- ‘ By quelling noxious *Monsters* of the Earth.
- ‘ How great to be a *Conqueror* below!
- ‘ And, after Life, a *Demi-God* to grow!
- ‘ Let *Fame* and *Glory* rouze thy youthful Blood,
- ‘ And rate no Joy like that of doing Good.
- ‘ That Part of Bliss is least, which Souls receive,
- ‘ The noblest Pleasure springs from what they
- ‘ Not for *Themselves alone* are H E R O E S born,
- ‘ But meant to benefit and to adorn
- ‘ The human Race, by Deeds deserving Fame.
- ‘ Society puts in a righteous Claim.
- ‘ Each generous Deed, for Good of human Kind,
- ‘ Will yield fresh Joy and Vigour to thy Mind.
- ‘ Let certain Danger but appear in Sight,
- ‘ The Slaves of *Pleasure* lose their Courage quite,

‘ My *Votaries* stronger by Resistance grow,
And their hid Virtues to Advantage show.
Then follow *Me*, your Origin assert,
And every Godlike *Quality* exert.

O'ercome your Passions, set your Mind at Rest,

Be but your *Self*; be *brave*, and then be *blest*.

The youthful *HERO*, now by *Reason* taught,

To *Virtue's* Side apparently is wrought.

His Doubts dispel'd, his Looks assur'd appear,

And Words, like these, his Soul's Resolve declare.

Hence, softning *Pleasure* and inglorious Ease—

To *Virtue* sacred be my future Days.

Lead, honest *Goddes*, lead thy Servant on:

Under thy Conduct what may not be done?

Aided by *Thee*, all Dangers I'll defy,

Deserve to be a *GOOD*, and then ascend the Sky.

Pleasure,

Pleasure, converted to a *Fury*, fled;
While *Virtue* by the Hand her HERO led,
Confirm'd his *Choice*, and fortify'd his Mind
To labour for the Good of human Kind.



JON.



J O N A H,

A

O E T I C A L P A R A P H R A S E.

Inscrib'd to the

Reverend Mr. *Isaac Watts.*



ON TO

THE HISTORY OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY JAMES BROWN

IN TWO VOLUMES

WITH A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

IN TWO VOLUMES

WITH A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



To the REVEREND

Mr. *ISAAC WATTS,*

SIR,

ONE reason of publishing this Poem, is, because so few modern AUTHORS employ their pens in divine compositions; which, of all others, best deserve to be attempted and read: And the only reason of this Dedication, is, to make a publick and thankful acknowledgment of your undeserv'd respect to me, who, at vast distance, endeavour to irritate your Muse.

I own, Sir, the prefixing of your name to any thing I am capable to perform, can be no considerable compliment, nor a suitable expression of my veneration, to you: And, after having been so bold, not to consult you upon a thing, which your modesty wou'd hardly have permitted, I ought to

account my self very successful, if (in consideration of my having pass'd over your excellent qualities in profound silence) you are pleas'd to forgive the freedom I have taken, on this occasion.

As I am extremely tender of giving disturbance to you, by a fashionable representation of your merit to your self; so I will not impertinently deliver them to the world, that knows you so well. Your own Works praise you: and who has not read your works? While Poetry, sacred to devotion, virtue, and friendship, is duly valued by men, Mr. W^m. *Horæ Lyricæ*, and his other divine productions, will be favourite books.

As to my self and this performance, I shall say, that, whatever exceptions may be made against it by the criticks; if it contribute to the greatening of poetry, the advancement of true virtue, and the reformation of mankind; if it may raise an emulation amongst our young poets to attempt new compositions, and help to wipe off the censure, that the numerous labours of the muses are justly chargeable with; if it serve any of these purposes, I shall be satisfy'd, though I gain no reputation by it among those, who read a new poem with no other view than to pass a judgment upon the abilities of the Author. If you, Sir, accept it, as a testimony of my sincere respect, I shall easily endure the censure that can be said of it, by another.

It might have been more profitable, had I, like my fellow-AUTHORS, address'd some great, ny'd, man, in a fulsome panegyrick, at the head

work: Yet, I am sure, it wou'd not have been honourable for me, who cou'd not, without breach of duty, inscribe it to a different name; nor would my poem have got such a sanction from a man of less allowed skill, in the heavenly art.
I pray your God, whom you serve in the known character of a good christian and a good poet, excuse your tedious indisposition of body, whereby the publick suffers so considerably: And may you long be preserv'd for the common benefit of your country, till a brighter scene of transport and immortality is open'd.

I am,

with the greatest Truth and Respect,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

JOSEPH MITCHELL.



J O N A H,
A
P O E M.

Nil Mortale loquor.

Horat.



OW Heav'n, provok'd, an awful
Look assumes,
And human kind to just Destruction
dooms;
That wrests the Thunder from *Jehovah's* hand,
And saves, from Ruin, a rebellious Land;

What reconciles the furious Winds to Peace, Is Sh
And makes the Waves their fierce Contention of w
Sing, heav'nly Muse, in thy religious Strains: Yer n
The Pleasure will compensate all the Pains. Abroa

“ Eternal Spirit, favour the Design, But
“ Inspire my Thoughts, and polish ev'ry Line And P
“ Where sacred Precepts oft successless prove, What
“ Examples, to Advantage shewn, may move Ind to
In early Times, well known to publick Fanauft, A
A City flourish'd, *Niniveb* by Name, The f
First built, and peopl'd, by *Affyrian* Bands, Like P
That spread their Conquests o'er the eastern L And N
Armenian Tigris thro' her forc'd a Way, What
With Stream majestick, to the *Perfian* Sea. Thro'
Walls high and broad were rear'd for her Defe Was b
Full fifty Miles in wide Circumference, As Peo

As Shrubs are lost beneath the awful Shade
of low'ring Trees, she rais'd her lofty Head
(great!)
Yer neighbouring Towns; at home more rich, and
abroad more fam'd for Merchandise, and State!
But, ah, how basely *Men* Dominion use,
And Providence's liberal Gifts abuse?
What dire Effects from Ease and Plenty flow?
And to what Heights does Vice, unpunish'd, grow?
Far, Rapine, Blood, Idolatry, and Strife,
The sure Attendants of luxurious Life)
Like Floods, unbounded, pour'd their Forces in,
Nineveh was delug'd o'er with Sin.
What foreign Foes cou'd not, by Force, obtain,
Thro' many a long, and hazardous, Campaign,
basely yielded, by themselves, in Peace,
As People grew effeminate by Ease.

Now, losing Sense of Honour, and of Fame,
They reign in Vice, and triumph in their Shame; And
Like Brutes undisciplin'd, licentious, rove,
And act whate'er their Fancies most approve. Wit
Here, Adoration to the Stones is paid,
There, guilty Lovers in the Streets are laid. Whil.
Riot and Death in ev'ry Corner reign, Perh.
And the whole City turn'd a hideous Scene. The
Now, nigh an End appears the Day of Grace, Or.
And Judgment ripens to destroy the Place ; The
On Wings of Wind, the Ministers of Wrath Ole.
Equip themselves, to scatter gen'ral Death ; And
When soothing Mercy thus, for Patience, cry'd May
“ Must Nineveh be then, at once, destroy'd ? Thy
“ True, she has sinn'd, and merits dreadful Woe. Th’
“ But does Heav’n always treat its Creatures fond ha

“ T

Thou usest not to punish all alike,
And unrelenting, in thy Justice, strike.
With those, that better Means have had, than they,
Who blindly wander from thy righteous Way,
Wilt thou deal kinder? Shall thy Mercy spare
Ungrateful Rebels, and be wanting here?
Perhaps, were they instructed in thy Law,
They'd serve thee better, and stand more in Awe:
Or, were they warn'd, before the Woe is sent,
They'd hear thy Voice, and, as they hear, repent.
O let thy Goodness still its Sway maintain,
And prove the Glory of th' Almighty's Reign.
May Mercy, with engaging Charms, arrest
Thy Hand, and thence the vengeful Thunder wrest.
Th' Almighty hearken'd with a gracious Ear,
had Regard to the prevailing Pray'r;
“ T

By

By it o'ercome, aside his Wrath he laid,
And, full of Pity, threat'ning Angels staid.

Then soon to *Jonah*, old *Amittai's* Son,

In *Judah's* Land, was God's Commission known.

“ Haste, Prophet, haste to *Nineveh* the great

“ And warn the People of approaching Fate;

“ Tell 'em, from me, that, e're the Night and

“ Twice twenty Times, by turns, assert their

“ Their boasted Numbers, to Destruction doom

“ Shall sudden be, like *Sodom's* Sons, consum'd

“ Unless, by speedy Penitence and Pray'r,

“ They gain Admittance to our gracious Ear.

The Prophet's Mind a sudden Terror fill'd,

And, thro' his Veins, a trembling Horror thrill

O'er all his Vitals dire Confusion hung,

And falt'ring Accents die upon his Tongue.

His Limbs turn feeble, Hairs as Bristles rise,
Pale grows his Face, and Darkness strikes his Eyes.
This Way and that he turns his thoughtful Mind,
Now loves, now flights, the Purpose he design'd.
Sometimes resolves his Message to perform;
; sometimes he dreads to plunge in such a Storm.
Pensive in Doubt his Way-ward Mind remains,
Still slavish Fear the Government obtains.
The daftard Paffion drives him blindly on,
Till Sense of Shame and Gratitude was gone.
Now he, distracted, makes Attempt to fly,
And hide himself from the omniscient Eye.
Vain Man! to think there was a diſtant Land
Beyond the Reach of an Almighty Hand:
Or he, who knows the inward Heart of Man,
Does weigh each Word, and ev'ry Action scan,

Cou'd

Cou'd not pursue the Sinner, where he goes,
And overtake him with avenging Woes.

In th' utmost Coasts of *Judah* is a Scene,
Where *Taurus'* Cliffs o'erlook the spacious Main,
That *Dan's* bless'd Off-spring, in their Portion,
When *Jacob's* Race did *Canaan* share by Lot.
Hither the flying Prophet came, and found,
Ev'n to his Wish, a Ship for *Cydnus* bound;
Distrusting Heav'n, sought Safety from the Sea,
And hop'd to 'scape the dangerous *Nineveh*.

The Passage hir'd, the shouting Fellow-Tra
Their Canvas spread, and launch into the Main
Assisted by a gentle Gale of Wind,
They skim the Deep, and hope the Port affig
Then from his high *Empyreal* Abode,
In Storms and Tempests down *Jehovah* rode.

A dark Pavilion o'er the Deep he spread,
And, from the awful Gloom, he, threat'ning, said.
" Does Rebel *Jonah* try t' elude my Sight,
Or ward my Vengeance, by his speedy Flight?
Tho' from the Land, where I am known, he flies,
Hopes he to sculk from my omniscient Eyes?
And were he safely landed on the Shore,
Cou'd *Tarbus* hide him from avenging Pow'r?
But soon, as I confound the spacious Main,
He'll know that Universal is my Reign.
He said, and sudden from their noisy Cave,
Th' imprison'd Winds, in hasty Tumult, rave.
Thunder and Lightning, with portentous Glare,
Incessant flash, and grumble thro' the Air.
Great Hurricanes, and raging Tempests, rise,
And boil the Deep, and dash the distant Skies.

A Gloom of Clouds the Face of Day o'er-spread
And wild Confusion fills the oozy Beds.

Now *Alps* of Water bears the Vessel high;
Then, buried in th'Abys, she seems to lye.

The Sails are torn, the Ropes asunder break,
The Sides are bruis'd, and slipp'ry is the Deck.

A ghastly Paleness, in each Face appears,
And Death, portended, aggravates their Fears.

To their deaf Gods the Sailors turn their Eyes,

And tell their Case, in disregarded Cries.

Some, on their Knees, old *Ocean's* Grace implore,
And, to appease him, sacrifice their Store.

To *Leda's* Sons some tell their mournful Tale,

And some with *Jove* endeavour to prevail.

Like *Baalam's* Priests, they cry aloud, in vain:

No fancy'd God, or knew, or cur'd, their Pain.

Relentless Justice heightens still the Storm,

And Ruin stares, in ev'ry frightful Form.

But *Jonah*, harden'd in his dire Offence,

And thoughtless of the Turn of Providence;

Howe'er the Cause of all the threat'ning Woe,

Retir'd alone, and hid himself below.

Sleep, or stun'd, no Dangers cou'd awake

His senseless Mind, 'till thus the Pilot spake;

"Thou Sluggard, who, amidst our common Woes,

Can'st thus, unmov'd, thy self to Death expose;

What art thou? Where are all thy Senses gone?

Hast thou no God? Or know'st thou there is one?

Take Shake off thy Slumber, and devoutly sue

For Common Safety to thy self, and Crew.

Perhaps thy Guardian, for thy Sake, may send

Relief to thee that may us all befriend.

Thus

Thus he most sluggish was, who most had fin
And thus a Heathen rouz'd a Prophet's Mind!
Mean while the Sailors hold a hot Debate
About the Cause of their impending Fate.
One reckons Murder is the fatal Spring;
Another Treason 'gainst the State, or King.
But all agreed some impious Wretch was there,
On whose Account, the Gods were so severe;
And all resolv'd to find him out, by Lot,
Whoe'er he was, or whatsoe'er his Fault.
Now, one by one, their trembling Hands ad-
Each was afraid the Lot shou'd prove his Chut wh-
Each looks with Terror on his Actions past, The W-
And, at the Thoughts of dying, stands aghast. han M-
Each thought the Tempest for his Crimes was Ther-
And all look'd pale about the dire Event. hie So-

Vain were their Fears; for *Jonah* was to come,

Jonah! the Cause, the Subject, of the Doom.

The trembling Wretch, no sooner shook the Urn,

Than all their Eyes on him, the guilty, turn.

All, curious; press to learn from whence he came,

What his Condition was, and what his Name.

Conscious of Ill, he feels an inward Smart,

And sad Distraction rages in his Heart.

His outward Form declares his secret Pain;

Or Looks, the Language of the Soul explain.

How easy 'tis for Men to murder Fame!

But who can stifle his own Sense of Shame?

The Wretch, that to an abject State is thrown,

Mankind's Favour, loses more his own.

There is a Judge in ev'ry human Breast,

The Source of constant Trouble, or of Rest.

This Inmate Friend, or Foe, will still prevail,

And overtake the Sinner under Sail:

Swifter than Wind, it flies where'er he goes,

And bears along a Train of cutting Woes.

No Crime so secret, but it ponders well,

And reprehends with an interior Hell.

This Guest, unseen, now dreadfully appears,

To hollow Rebel thro' the Prophet's Ears.

Prompted by it, he frank Confession made,

And, after Silence was commanded, said;

“ Twou'd be in vain for me, with fly Deceit, “ Yet

“ To plead not-guilty, and my Cause debate. “ I ra

“ He, whom the jarring Elements obey, “ U

“ Who governs all Things with despotic Sway, “ Sinc

“ To whom all Nature's open at a View, “ And

“ Wou'd soon my Crime, as now he does, purg “ Pro

“ Favou

“ Favour’d as others of that chosen Race,

“ The Seed of *Jacob*, Objects of his Grace,

“ My Lot was cast in *Judah’s* pleasant Land,

“ Where joyn’d I was to a distinguish’d Band,

“ That knows God’s Mind, and bears his high

Command.

“ Long I had dwelt in *Sion’s* holy Hill,

“ And prophesy’d to Men my Master’s Will,

“ When, by Commission, I was charg’d to go,

“ And warn th’ *Affyrians* of approaching Woe.

cei. “ Yet, much distrusting providential Care,

e. “ I rather chuse to fly, than perish there.

“ Unthinking Wretch! to disobey my God,

way, “ Since sad Destruction waits his awful Nod;

“ And they, that sin against the clearest Light,

purf. Provoke him most t’ exert his vengeful Might.

“ Now, here I stand an Object of his Wrath,
“ And, for my Sake, you’re all expos’d to Death.
“ Ye charge the Horrours of the Deep in vain,
“ And, to deaf Idol Deities, complain.

(Flame) “ His Word, that turn’d these wat’ry Worlds
“ That Flame to Tempest, can alone the Tempest tame.

The Sailors now, with this Account, amaz’d,
All trembling stood, and on each other gaz’d.
A deadly Cold ran shiv’ring to their Hearts,
Thrill’d in their Veins, and froze their inward Parts.
All, for the Prophet, utmost Pity show’d,
And, as they cou’d, the sinking Vessel row’d.
But Winds rage furious, swelling Billows roar,
Clouds clash with Clouds, and Lightnings play the
All Nature wore Confusion in her Face,
And seem’d as jostled from her proper Place.

The Luminaries of the Heav'ns were pent,
And Sheets of curling Smoke involv'd the Firmament,
So, when the grim Inhabitants of Hell,
From Realms of Light, for Disobedience, fell,
Nothing was heard around the dreary Coasts,
But fullen Moans and Cries of tortur'd Ghosts:
And nought was seen, but Gleams of sulph'rous Light,
Which join'd the Gloom, and made more dreadful
(Night.

Now Hopes were lost, and all Essays thought vain,
To *Jonah* thus the Sailors turn again.

" Since by thy Fault (as thou did'st now confess)
We labour, helpless, in this dire Distress,
Tell, if thou know'st thy pow'rful Deity's Will,
How we may best the raging Tempest still ;
What Means are needful, to appease his Wrath,
And save our selves, if possible, from Death.

The Prophet, trembling, made 'em this Reply, " W

" T'atone for Guilt, the guilty Soul must die, " N

" For me alone hath happ'ned all this Woe: " T

" The Storm is mine, not your avenging Foe. " T

" Make Haste to plunge me, in the swelling De " W

" And all your Cares, and all the Winds, shall " T

" Soon as the Ship of such a Weight is eas'd, " T

" A Calm shall spread, and Justice be appeas'd. " N

Again, the pitying Sailors ply'd their Oars, " W

With Skill and Strength, to reach the *Tarisan* Sho *into* D

But ceas'd, at length, t'employ a fruitless Care, *down* D

And thus to Heav'n address'd their pious Pray'r. *The* T

" O pow'rful Being! of all Gods the best! *But,* B

" Regard, we pray, regard our sad Request. *No* N

" Thou know'st, we thirst not for thy Servant's! *The* T

" Nor are we prompted by revengeful Strife; *And* A

rely " We covet not the Riches he enjoys,

die " Nor is his Death our Pleasure, but his Choice,

: " Thee, by his Crimes, he has enrag'd; and now

be. " Thy Justice threatens to inflict the Blow.

De. " We Instruments are only in thy Hand,

all. " To execute what Justice does demand.

d. " Then, from the Guilt of Blood, thy Suppliants save,

as'd. " Nor Satisfaction, in thy Fury, crave.

, With strange Reluctance, the obedient Crew

z Sh. Into the Deep the Rebel *Jonah* threw.

Care, Down he descends; and o'er his destin'd Head

y'r. The Waters close—he's number'd with the Dead.

est! But, as he sinks, the Winds retire apace,

. No more the Billows ruffle *Ocean's Face*;

nt's! The Clouds disperse, the Air appears serene,

e; And sacred Silence reigns o'er all the Main.

So at the Dawning of our new made World,
When jarring Elements apart were hurl'd,
Rude *Chaos* from his old Dominion fled,
And peaceful Order round its Influence spread.

Now, struck with Wonder, all the Sailors
Their grateful Voices to th'Almighty's Praise,
Are taught with humble Reverence to view
His wond'rous Work, and to his Wisdom bow.
No more they vainly pious Tribute bring
To their false Gods, but to th'eternal King.
Him they adore, and beg his friendly Hand,
To guide 'em safe to the long wish'd for Land.

What sudden Change! The Sea is all serene,
And Gladness in each Countenance is seen.
All seize their Oars, and, with elated Minds,
To urge their Haste, invite the willing Winds.

The willing Winds the spreading Sail supply,
While from each Side the yielding Waters fly;
Upon the Tide the wanton *Dolphins* play;
And fair in Sight appears the *Tarshian* Bay.

But *Jonah*, whom, of late, no Ship cou'd save,
By Care divine, rests in a living Grave.
With ardent Soul to Heav'n for Help he pray'd,
And Heav'n, in Pity, sent him speedy Aid.
The Word was giv'n, and soon the scaly Herd
forgot their Hunger, and the Prey rever'd.
Proud to attend the Stranger, all draw near,
Till their huge King, Leviathan, appear,
That, as a Mountain of enormous Size,
Confounds the Deep, and laves the distant Skies,
Her finny Shoals maintains despotic Reign,
And rolls, in State, thro' the capacious Main.

As

As yawns an Earthquake, he, at God's Command
Strange to relate! does his large Jaws expand,
Disclose the hideous Cavern of his Womb,
And there, alive, the trembling Seer entomb.

Now, safe within the monstrous Whale he lies,
And all the Force of Winds, and Waves, defies.
Where Light ne'er enter'd, now he draws his Breath,
And glides serene thro' liquid Paths of Death.

Yet, whilst our Prophet is in Prison hurl'd
Thro' all the Lab'rinth of the wat'ry World,
By pow'rful Faith, he overcomes Despair,
And, as from Hell, puts up this pious Pray'r;
" To thee, my God, enthron'd above the Sky,
" From dismal Caverns of the Deep I cry.
" No Floods, no Billows can controul my Mind,
" The Thoughts of Man are ever unconfin'd
" Unwearied."

on several Occasions. 139

Unwearied, as the active Flames, they move,

And wander thro' the distant Realms above.

" For me, amidst the Horrors of my Case,

" I'll hope for Mercy, and implore thy Grace.

While thou can't pardon, tho' thou look'st severe,

There's Place for Sinner's Hope, as well as Fear.

Tho' here expell'd, and banish'd from thy Sight,

By Faith, in my Salvation I'll delight.

Why shou'd I, helpless, in my Ship-wreck, mourn,

Since Faith a Judge can to a Saviour turn?

" Tho' Darkness round me all her Terrors spread,

The dreadful Billows bellow o'er my Head,

And I'm confin'd in Caverns of the Main,

Amidst my Woes, I'll Faith and Hope maintain.

Thou, who can't shake the Center, can't controul

The Rebel Pow'rs of my tumultuous Soul,

" Restrain

“ Restrain the wild Disorder of my Blood,
“ And save me from the Dangers of the Flood.
“ More readily we cannot Mercy plead
“ In our Distress, than thou vouchsaf’st thine Aid
“ Soon as I, sinking in the Waters, cry’d,
“ Thy great Command o’er-rul’d the booming Tides
“ And sent this huge Leviathan, in Haste,
“ To save my Life, e’re Remedy was past.
“ Coud’st thou, when such a guilty Wretch did crave
“ A Miracle perform, his Life to save?
“ And shall I fear thou wilt not find a Way,
“ To shew me yet the pleasant Light of Day?
“ No: thou wilt back an humble Captive bring
“ And make thy Prophet, in Thy Temple, sing
“ I’ll trust thy Mercy, whose Almighty Arm
“ Has Pow’r to rescue me from ev’ry Harm.

“ T

The Time will come, when I, for my Release,
Shall bless my God, with Offerings of Peace,
When freed from all the Fetters that surround
And hold me here, as in close Prison, bound,
I shall again to Men, thy Mind reveal,
And of thy Pow'r, thy Love, and Goodness, tell.
It shall be said, thy Arm Deliv'rance wrought,
And, from th'Abyss, an humble Suppliant brought.

" Ye blinded Zealots, who in Error stray,
And to deaf Gods your senseless homage pay,
Your Vanities with fiery Zeal pursue ;
Whil'st I before th'Eternal's Footstool bow :
He scorns the Gifts of Riches, and of Art,
And loves the off'rings of an upright Heart.
" Oh ! may I never tempt him, as before,
But always grateful, as I shou'd, adore ;

" By

" By Lip, and Life, his glorious Praises sound,

" And spread the Story of his Mercies round.

The Prophet's Suit, with Faith and Fervour join'd,

Soon reach'd his Throne, and sooth'd th'Almighty,

(Min.)

From deepest Dungeons Pray'r can wing its Flight,

And, uncontroul'd, invade the Realms of Light,

As Sun-beams fierce, it scales Heav'n's lofty Walls,

And the high Portals open, when it calls.

Its Pow'r cou'd stop the Chariot of the Sun,

And, to the Flesh, bring back the Spirit gone.

Now, thro' th'Abyss the restless Monster roams,

And, flound'ring high, anew the Billows foam'd,

In Spite of Nature's strong and common Laws,

He's forced to expand his wide-devouring Jaws,

And vomit forth, at the Divine Command,

Unhurt, the wond'ring Prophet on the Land.

Thrice had the Sun his daily Race renew'd,
When *Jonah*, safe, his Fellow Creatures view'd.
Type of that far greater Bliss to come,
When Man's Redeemer, buried in a Tomb,
Should ride victorious o'er infernal Pow'rs,
Lead Captive Death, and break his Prison Doors!
What can't th' Almighty Pow'r of God perform?
Word can raise, and sudden calm a Storm.
The Elements from nat'r'l Jarrs he keeps,
And makes unfrozen Billows stand in Heaps.
The dreadful Monsters, that infest the Main,
Are all obsequious Subjects of his Reign.
Word can frustrate Hell's pernicious Ends,
And, out of cruel Foes, make kind protecting Friends.
Wet on the Shore the wond'ring *Jonah* lay,
When soon from Heav'n a Voice forbade his Stay;
"Haste,

" Haste, Prophet, haste to *Nineveh* the great,
" And warn the People of impending Fate;
" Let thy Experience teach, that, 'twould be vain
" For thee, unpunish'd, to make Shift again.

Now *Jonah*, fearing God's Displeasure more
Than he had done the Wrath of Men before,
To *Nineveh* directs his speedy Pace,
Nor stop'd, 'till he had reach'd th'appointed Place,
A Place so spacious, that the circling Sun,
E're it was travel'd round, might thrice his Journey pass,
Aurora now had just begun to gild
The blushing Skies, and animate the Field,
When *Jonah* enters at the opening Gates,
Nor for a crowded Auditory waits;
But, breaking Silence, boldly thus begins
To threaten Judgments for their crying Sins.

" And you,

“ Attend, ye destin’d Citizens, and hear
The dreadful Message I, a Prophet, bear.
To you I’m sent by the supreme Command,
Of him, whose Scepter governs Sea and Land ;
Whose steady Ballance does the Mountains sway,
Whose reign the wild and barbarous Beasts obey ;
Around whose Throne, array’d in heavenly State,
Myriads of Angels for their Orders wait,
In flaming Fire, as on the Wings of Wind,
To punish all that with Presumption finn’d.
Thus, o’er *Gomorrah*, ripe for weighty Wrath,
At one dread Nod, he spread a gen’ral death.
And now, e’re yonder Globe of radiant Light
Twice twenty Times dispel the Shades of Night,
Great *Nineveh*, whose Crimes for Vengeance cry,
In ruinous Heaps, *Gomorrah* like, shall lie.

" Impartial Justice, with a Hand severe,

"No Age, no Sex, no Quality will spare.

"Riches and Pow'r shall prove a weak Defence

"Against the Bolts of God's Omnipotence."

As boldly thus the Prophet cry'd aloud,

'The Streets turn'd frequent by the list'ning crowd.

All Sorts of People pres, his Words to hear,

And, conscious of their Guilt, the threatened
(geance f

But who the Pain the destin'd Wretches feel,

Without a Sorrow, like their own, can tell?

Uproar and Noise the populous City fill'd,

And, thro' all Veins, a trembling horrour thrill'd

Some rave with Madness, and confirm'd Despair,

Beat their swoln Breasts, and tear their tatter'd Hair

Whilst others draw, in still-born Sounds, their Breath

And shiver at the fearful Thoughts of Death.

And shiver at the fearful Thoughts of Death.

earnest, turn to Heav'n their melting Eyes,

and plead for Mercy with accented cries.

Distinctions vanish in the common Woe :

They have deserv'd, and strive to ward, the Blow.

The King himself, the Monarch of the East,

highest Pomp and Luxury possesst,

whose conquering Arms, to distant Nations spread,

Made Princes slaves, and fill the World with Dread ;

But as the fatal Tidings reach'd his Ears,

He ceas'd to think, and stoops to humble Fears,

And more his gilded Royalty displays,

Clad in Sack-cloth, most devoutly prays.

On the Ground he, prostrate, made his Bed,

Then call'd his Council, and, with haste, decreed,

That all his People instantly shou'd bend

Before th' Almighty, and their Lives amend,

“ No more, in Ways of Error, loosely rove,
“ But Converts to the Rules of Virtue prove ;
“ Instead of Mirth, with a sincere Design,
“ Make publick Vows t'attone the Wrath divine;
“ For many Days, nor Man, nor Beast, shou'd taste
“ Their common Fare, but keep a solemn Fast;
“ The costly Robes to Rags of Sack-cloth turn,
“ And know no Pleasure, but repent and mourn;
“ That Heav'n, perhaps, might shew a gentle Face,
“ And Justice yield to Mercy's milder Grace.

Now *Nineveh* another Scene appears,
Where Laughter reign'd, behold a flood of Tears,
Afflicted all, with penal Sack-cloth clad,
In Ashes, prostrate on the Ground, were laid.
The stubborn Minds, that never bow'd before,
With earnest Vows th' Almighty's Grace implore.

They change their Thoughts, their crooked Ways
(amend,

and humbly strive to make their Judge their Friend;

and with the last Effort, to revoke their Doom,

and stop the Judgments, now foretold, to come.

The News of Danger, haughty Sinners shake,

and, at the Sight of Death, the stubborn Atheists
(quake.

Mean while the Prophet leaves the humbl'd Town,

waits that God shou'd pour his Vengeance down.

one he wanders, musing, in the Fields,

on a Hill, a simple Lodging builds.

patient, oft he turns his gazing Eyes

Nineveh, the hideous Scene of Vice.

Sometimes he looks for Ruin from the Winds;

Sometimes from Angels, (those celestial Minds,

round the Throne of the Eternal wait,

bear Salvation, or vindictive Fate.)

But vain his anxious Hopes! to see the Doom,
That he had threat'ned very soon wou'd come;
For now the Cries of *Nineveh* for Peace,
Prevail with Heav'n, and gain *Jehovah's* Grace,
Mercy, scarce govern'd by eternal Laws,
Exerts its Force, and triumphs in their Cause.
So sweet its Air, so melting are its Charms,
It oft with ease Omnipotence disarms,
Changes his Thoughts, his angry Brow unbends,
And, of a Foe, can make the best of Friends.

The Prophet, as affronted, inly mourn'd,
His Eyes with Fire, his Breast with Fury burn'd.
Honour, a Bubble which he vainly sought,
He fear'd wou'd break, and he be set at nought.

What art thou, Fame, by Mortals thus desir'd?
With hopes of Thee, all human Minds are fir'd.

Tho' few can be so miserably blind,
As not to see Thee made of empty Wind.
Like an enchanted Palace in the Air,
Thou mock'st our Grasp, and frustrat'st all our Care.
In vain we strive, whilst Envy has her Stings,
To hold Thee fast, and soar upon thy Wings.
Yet were we of thy chiefest Joys possest,
What further Pleasure cou'd inspire our Breast?
What Benefit wou'd from the Bubble grow,
When in the Urn, unconscious, laid below?
The Prophet's Mind, now discompos'd by Care,
Was thus to Heav'n express'd in hasty Pray'r.
" Had I not reason from thy Face to fly,
And chuse, than be affronted thus, to die?
Did I not know thou woud'st too soon repent,
And I shou'd be a lying Prophet, sent ?

“ I knew my Errand would at length prove vain,

“ And, I return with dire Disgrace again.

“ Mercy with Thee's an Attribute belov'd,

“ By which ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd.

“ Now since, as formerly I fear'd, my Fame

“ Is, by this Mercy, dash'd with endless Shame,

“ What profits Life? O let me rather die,

“ Than live on Earth, and suffer Infamy.

“ Take from me, take this hated Life away:

“ Death is the Debt that I'm prepar'd to pay.

Th' Almighty heard, and thus with Voice of Peace ga

To *Jonah* spake, and reason'd on his Case.

“ 'Tis true, my Prophet, *Nineveh* has finn'd,

“ And Judgments, as thou threatned'st, were design'd,

“ But, at thy Warning, all the People turn'd,

“ And, low in Sack-cloth, their Condition mourn'd;

“ Th

The Conduct of my Providence ador'd,
And Mercy, with their earnest Vows, implor'd.
Do'st thou then well to chide my sov'reign Grace,
And grudge the Good of a repenting Place?
Do'st thou in Mischief take a dear Delight?
Have I done Wrong, and art thou in the Right?
Can Anger help thee? better 'tis to fear,
And learn my Dispensations to revere.
This spoke, to sooth the gloomy Prophet's mind,
And prove a Shelter from the Sun and Wind,
Peac'e gave command, and sudden, round his Head,
Verdant Gourd her shadowing Honours spread.
The Prophet, pleas'd, improv'd the Sent Relief,
Whilst it lasted, more express'd his Grief.
Secure beneath the fragrant Fruit he sate,
Bourn'd; see the Tow'rs of *Ninus* bow to Fate.

But

But at th' approach of next returning Day,
The Plant that sudden sprung, as sudden dy'd away
Now eastern Winds with blust'ring Fury rise,
Vex all the Air, and agitate the Skies,
The scorching Sun-beams play on *Jonah's* Head,
Exhaust his Blood, and lay him almost dead.
Fainting, he stretch'd his Body on the Ground,
And spoke his Sorrows in a broken Sound.
Weary of Life, he wish'd it had an end,
And begg'd that God would Death immediate send
Again th' Almighty — does my Servant well,
“ With Rage, for losing of the Gourd, to swell
The hasty Prophet, thoughtless, made reply;
“ Thou know'st I'm angry, and I wish to die.
“ Have I not cause, when Life a burden grows,
“ To wish for Death, to finish all my Woes?

“ W

" Who cou'd such Treatment patiently endure,
" And not desire that most effectual Cure ?
" When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to die :
" For Death's a sure retreat from wounding Infamy.

Once more to *Jonah* great *Jehovah* spake ;
" Do'st thou, my Servant, such compassion take
d, " Upon a Gourd, whose Seed thou did'st not sow,
" Nor wert at costly Pains to make it grow ?
Do'st thou, thus fondly, place thy dear delight
e feni " In what sprung up, and perish'd in a Night ?
ell, " For a frail Plant cou'dst thou expres such Care,
well. " And shou'd not I a pop'lous City spare ?
ply; Can'st thou for such a Trifle mourn, and yet
die. Obdurate look upon a sinking State ?
ows, Is Mercy strange ? Have I not often sworn,
? To save the Sinners, that repent and turn ?
" W

" To

“ To humour thee, and prop thy tott’ring fame,
“ Shall I my wonted Love, and Grace, disclaim;
“ Upon an humbled People pour my Wrath,
“ And, while they cry for Pardon, stop their Breath
“ Rash Man! thy wicked Murmuring forbear,
“ And think how good, how glorious, ’tis to spare.
“ Consider Nineveh’s prodigious round,
“ In which a World of Innocents is found.
“ If harmless Flocks thy Pity cannot move,
“ (Tho’ ev’n for them I feel my pleading Love.)
“ Can’t thou no Bowels of Compassion find,
“ For tender Babes, that never proudly finn’d?
“ Cou’dst thou see, blended in one common Fate,
“ The Young, the old, the Lowly, and the Great?
“ Behold their Looks, and hear their moving Cries,
“ With unrelenting Heart, and with unmooist’ned eyes;

“ No—

" No — I shall ne'er the City sacrifice,

" So chang'd of late, to humour thy Caprice.

Then *Jonah*, struck with sacred Awe, adores

Jehovah's conduct, and his Grace implores;

No longer for the City's Safety mourns,

But, into triumph, all his Sorrow turns.

Be rouz'd, ye Sinners, and reform betimes,

Or threat'ned Judgments seize you for your Crimes.

While Mercy courts you with engaging Charms,

Without delay embrace the offer'd Terms.

Ye long (perhaps, while ye are flumb'ring) Death,

And dreadful Pomp, may lead the Way to Wrath.

Help, and Hope, for ever disappear,

When Justice comes, your trembling Souls to tear.

O! may the guilty Nations soон repent,

Before the Shafts of heav'nly Rage are sent.

Already

Already Justice mounts an awful Throne,
Prepar'd to hurl the Bolts of Vengeance down.
Thro' ev'ry Land are heard the dire Alarms:
The Hosts of Heav'n seem all to be in Arms.
Mercy and Grace arrest the Thunder now,
But cannot long divert the threat'ned Blow.

Thou, WATTS, whose Pray'r can threat'ned W^o
Live long an intercessor, as a Friend. (suspense)
Shou'dst thou, offended at our Crimes, retire,
To thy own Seat, in the celestial Quire ;
Unless, *Elijah* like, thou leav'st behind
The pow'ful Graces of thy God-like Mind ;
Soon wou'd our Sins draw Vengeance from the Sky,
And *Britain's* boasted State in Ruin lie.



PSALM the 139th.

I.

O thee, omniscient Being, I appeal;

For 'twou'd be vain my Actions to conceal,

From thine all-searching Eye!

The Works thy pow'rful Hands have wrought,

In thy Immensity of Thought,

For ever open lie.

My rising up, and lying down,

My very Thoughts to Thee are known!

'Ere their Schemes are model'd in my Mind,

I can their Form and Likeness find.

Thy

Thy piercing Knowledge scans the whole Machine,
And views the *Embryo's* of my Heart within.
Which way soe'er I turn my self about,
Thy Godhead finds me out !
Where'er I go, thou my Companion art !
Trace I the Valley, Wood, or Hill,
I cannot from Omniscience start :
Thou look'st Creation thro', and see'st me still!
Go I in publick, Thou art there !
In solitude, I'm ne'er alone !
My Bed is guarded by thy Care !
And all my secret Whispers reach thy Throne !
Such Knowledge is too great for Man !
'Tis Mystery all ! who comprehend it can ?
It is a Depth, that swallows up my Mind !
And, like thy Self, immense to all Mankind !

Ev'n they, who think they understand it most,
Bewilder'd are, and lost !

II.

Cou'd I so foolish, so perfidious, prove,
To think of once deserting God ?
Whether cou'd my Fancy mean to rove,
Where Omnipresence keeps no fix'd Abode ?
Whether, ah ! whether cou'd I run
My universal Influences to shun ?
To what Retirement cou'd I fly,
Elude thy comprehensive Eye ?
to the Regions of eternal Day
I take my hasty flight,
Here, dazzled with immediate Beams of Light,
I durst not make a Stay,
But downward seek my safer Way.

Then, shou'd I to th' Abyss of Hell

For certain Refuge go,

Ev'n there almighty Terrors dwell,

And nourish never-ending Woe.

Unable there my residence to hold,

If, next, the Wings of Light I take,

And, with a Spirit, curiously bold,

Of some strange Land a new Discovery make,

Thy swifter Pow'r would first arrive,

And there arrest the Fugitive.

Beneath the cold, or burning Zone,

No Spot remains to Providence unknown!

O hide me, hide me, Shades of Night!

Thick Darkness is a solid Screen.

Vain Wish! one glance of piercing Light,

Can cut the Veil, and make the Sinner seen.

or need'st thou use our Medium of Day,

Thro' Night's Disguise to clear a Way!

enthron'd in Light, thy Self its sacred Spring,

Thou, with one undivided View,

Uncover'st Darknes's closest Wing,

And look'st its Horrors thro'.

III.

None are the Springs, that Life and Motion give!

By thee alone, I move and live!

None, ere my earliest Rudiments of Thought

Were found within my Mind,

Thou laid'st the Plan of me, now wrought

Into the Likeness of Mankind.

None, I grew the Object of thy Care!

Each single Thread, in Nature's Loom,

By thee, was fashion'd in the Womb,

And curious was my whole Provision there!

Each Feature, Ligament, and Vein,
The very texture of my Heart,
Were Subjects of almighty Art.

Well do'st thou know whatever I contain,
And well thou can'st th' Anatomy explain.

But whether tends this Care divine?

Why all this waste upon my poor Machine?

" My Wonder, and my Gratitude to raise.

Yes, while I live, with deep amaze,
I'll wonder at thy Works, and sing thy Praife.

Let me into my self retire,
I cannot want Materials for my Song:
Reflection will the Muse inspire,
Awake my Harp, and tune my Lyre,
And drop melodious Homage from my Tongue.

Thy Providence, thy Thoughts of Love,
Which, since the Maze of Life I trod,
In spite of all my Wanderings, gracious prove,
Increase my Wonder, and my Debt to God.

When shall my poor Acknowledgments be done ?

When shall I pay the Debt I owe ?

Each Day, in more Arrears I run !

So high my great Account does grow,
That ev'n revising seems but new begun !



ISAIAH, *Chapter 13.*

EE ! Heav'n's dread Banners, waving in the Air,
And Signals, scatter'd o'er the hilly Ground,
Show the approach of Vengeance. Hark ! the Noise
akes Mountains tremble, and the Vales return,
In

In shuddering Sounds, the Weight and Din of War,
The stable Rocks confess, with hideous groan,
The Burden of a God; whose awful Call
Summons the Nations, far disjoyn'd, together;
And, round his Standard, congregates the Powers
Of Heav'n, embattled. Lo! the Day is come!
Awake, O Land, and view Disasters near.
See Terrors spread, and Ruin stalks abroad.
Already, Fear and Trembling seize the Crowd.
All Hands hang down, and Visages grow pale,
And, thro' each Soul, convulsive Horrors start.
No wonder: 'tis th' Omnipotent, who comes,
Array'd with Glory, and begirt with Strength.
He comes revengeful. Prodigies prepare
His dreadful March: and Wrath around displays
Its fatal Signs, to rouze the slumb'ring World.

What Thunders roar to charge the destin'd Foe?

What Arrows thirst for human Gore? See! lightnings

Flash, in the Van! and Troops of Death stalk horrid,

the destructive Rear! All Nature stands astonished,

And broad Creation seeks to shun the Fright.

How Earth's Foundation quakes? what dire Convulsions

Reach Heav'n's high Arch? ha! sudden Night o'er-spreads

The starry Frame, the Plannets skulk in Clouds.

The Sun, amaz'd, at Dawn of Day, retires

To Shades. Below Distraction reigns around,

And wild Confusion rules the azure Space.

Go forth (says God) thou executing Sword,

We various Instruments of Ruin, fly,

And punish this rebellious Land. Allow

No Quarter, nor compound with impious Man.

Against my Foes my Indignation burns,
And, on their Land, my Vengeance points its course.
Treasures of Fury, and Reserves of Wrath,
Grown ripe with Age, shall pour, at once, their Force
Collected on this Country. In a Deluge
Of purple Dye, I'll bathe the Vales around,
And melt the Mountains with the People's Blood.
The haughty Chiefs shall seek, in vain to hide
Their destin'd Heads: and, with *Plebeian Clay*,
Shall royal carnage mix. He, who before did spurn
My Grace and Bounty, low in Dust, shall howl
Beneath my Might, and wish Release, in vain.
So desolate I'll lay this sinful Realm,
That savage Brutes, at sight of human Faces,
Shall gaze, as Men at Prodigies, affrighted.
For now the Day, the great, tremendous, Day,
Big with the Fate of *Babylon*, is come.

The Time is come, when God will pay th' Arrears
of Judgment, due to Sinners. It comes on
dorn'd with all the Images of Horror.

The Heav'ns, afraid, forsake their Place: and Earth
akes to its Center, and th' Almighty shuns,
hile, brandish'd, in his red right Hand, the Sword
od. of Vengeance glares. Lo! Now the radiant Spoiler
e: Justice, urges on, and lays the Country waste.

y, Where'er his Course the angry Victor bends,
d spurnin, in all its horrid Forms, pursues.

vl Age, no Sex, no different Rank, or State,
n. From common Ravage and Destruction freed,
l. Escapes the pointed Mischief. Pow'rs ally'd,
all take the People's Fate. Promiscuous, all
ix in the Carnage, as in Sin combin'd.

Day, look! how th' insulting Conquerors march on,
h Lust and Rage, inspir'd. What Blood, what Rapes,
Th Cry

Cry horrible to unrelenting Actors ?

How is the Fruit of the maternal Womb

Blasted in Blossom ? What sharp Pangs are felt

By tender Mothers ? How the Infants draw

Their Breath in Torture ; and, at Dawn of Life,

Sink in eternal Death ? They see the Light,

And, as they see, expire ! afflictive Scene !

Behold the *Medes*, a formidable Race !

Hasten to spoil. See ! how, in dread Array,

Their Legions stretch along contiguous Lands !

They move in Triumph, and exult in Strength.

What Schemes of Death, in ev'ry Soldier's Thought,

Are deep revolv'd ? Their generous Souls contem-

The *Perian* Luxury and Wealth. Dauntless they m-

To execute th' Almighty's Will. Where'er they m-

The destin'd Foes must yield. Idly, they scorn

To bend the Bow. On every Dart, the Stings

Of Death attend. No Quarter they allow,

And none in pity spare. All share the Fate

Of bloody War, and desart turns the Land.

And thou, O *Babylon*, the great! the proud!

Think not to 'scape. Tho' now the boasted Head

Of the *Chaldean* Glory, thou shalt fall.

No more shall Nations bend before thy Throne,

No more shall tribute humbly wait thy Nod.

Now on the Ground, thy tow'ring Pomp shall lye,

And deep in ruin shalt thou hide thy Head.

The stately Walls, which now, with impious Height,

Conceal the Clouds from human Eye, shall sink

Object in Earth. The glorious piles, that spread

around, and rival Stars, shall waste

all-devouring Flames. Nor shall Mankind

Repair thy ruin'd Domes, thy Walls, destroy'd;

pitying Hand exalt thy humbled State.

To

To all succeeding Times thou must remain
An exemplary Scene of Woe : for ever lie
As curst *Gomorrah*, that, with Vengeance due,
Was burnt in Fires, for far less buruing Lust.

The Day's at Hand, when on thy fruitful Soil,
The Product of their Labour none shall reap.
His Tent the wand'ring *Arab* will not spread,
Nor make thy Ground his Place of Rest. Tho' faint
With travel, he will scare his Herd
From thy embitter'd Flood. The careful Shepherd
Will warn his roaming Flocks from thy Remains,
As o'er thy ruin'd Battlements they stray,
Or in thy lowly Tow'rs attempt to graze.
Strangers shall say, ah ! where is *Babylon* ?
And when they find where once thou wert, they'll
Let's shun this Place, for 'tis accursed Ground.
No human kind thy Wilderness shall bless.

Nought, but the savage Beasts, and Birds of Prey,
Shall fix their hideous Habitation there.

To them ungrateful Men shall quit their Seat.

To them, thy Marble Roofs, and Cedar Rooms,
Shall then be Dens. Thy Courts of Justice then
Shall be their Haunts of State. There shall they plod
On Blood, where Tyrants bore their Spoils of old.

There in wild Harmony shall they convene,
And triumph, in their Turn; more innocent
Than Men had been, who govern'd there before.

How will the mournful Satyrs there bemoan,
Ghosts glide horrible along thy Ruins,
To view where their unburied Bodies lay?

Where shall the Owls and Dragons load the Air,
And strike the Trav'ller's Ear with dismal Sound.

The obscene Birds of dusky Night
Will there resort, and hide themselves from Day.
Vora-

Voracious Monsters there shall find repose,
And hooping Horrors make the Place more baleful,
Forboding Fowls and Ghosts, confus'd, shall dwell,
And speak their dire Presages on the Walls,
With Earth laid level. This, O *Babylon*,
Is thy just Doom, the Punishment of Guilt.
Thus will th' Almighty, patient long, exert
At last his Vengeance on an impious Race,
Who scorn'd his Warnings, and refus'd his Grace.

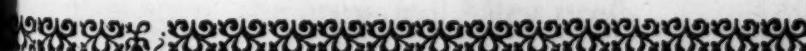


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T H E
OLEFUL SWAINS:
A
PASTORAL POEM:

Written Originally in the SCOTCH Dialect, with
an ENGLISH VERSION.



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A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

TO

Major *Richardson Pack,*

With the following

PASTORAL.

WHILE You, dear *Pack*, for Court and

Camp prepar'd,

With equal Skill an Hero and a Bard !

Advent'rous thro' the crowded Alley presf,

With Pains unwearied and deserv'd Success ;

From the sweet Scene I live alas ! afar,

Jauncy's *Angel* without *Temple Bar*,

VOL. I.

N

Destin'd

Destin'd to suffer Pennance for my Crimes,
By Jobbing only thro' a Maze of Rhimes :
A fruitless Game! A Game that none shou'd chuse
Who wants a Coach, although he has a Muse.

Yet, Pardon, Sir, the Rudeness of a Friend,
His rural Lays at such a Time to send :
A Time, when nought shou'd be receiv'd or sent,
But Transfers, Permits, Bills, and Money lent :
And, when from Alley-Avocations free,
You leisure have to think of Verse and me,
(At least when driving homewards *Debonair*,
In *London* Chariot, or *Parisian* Chair.)
Deign to peruse 'em with a gracious Eye —
But hide, O hide the Blunders you descry :
For as your Approbation is my Fame,
The Town will damn my Labours, if You blame.

August 2, 1720.

Baldwin

ADVE

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader is hereby acquainted,
That the English Version of this
ASTORAL was not intended to be a li-
teral One ; and the Author believes it wou'd
have puzzled him to have made it such :
so hard it is to do Justice to an Original
in any Language !

NB. *BELLAIR, being a Scholar and a Gentleman,*
talks better English than the Clowns in Caledo-
nia ; which even Criticks will allow.



T H E
DOLEFUL SWAINS

A

Pastoral Poem, &c.



ELLAIR, a Lad, wha spent a

time,

In hunting Hares, and making

Rhime;

Three Shepherds fand fu waefu and forlorn,

Streek'd a' their length beneath a spreading Thorn.

He speir'd their ailment wi' a melting Heart,

And said he'd strive to cure their cutting Smart;



THE
OLEFUL SWAINS;
A
Pastoral Poem, &c.

ELLAIR, a Youth of the Poetick

Train,

Was sporting on the *Caledonian Plain*;

There, underneath a cooling Shade he found,

Three mournful Shepherds lying on the Ground.

Pos'd t'afford 'em all some kind Relief,

Ask'd the Cause of their invet'rate Grief;

N 3

Who

*Their cutting smart wi' willing Minds they sung,
In nat'r al Numbers and their Mother Tongue.*

WILLIE.

*Alas ! quo Willie, gen ye kend my care,
Your Heart wi' Grief I'm sure wead e'en be Sair.
Bessie, my Lass, God kens how wiel I loo'd,
How aft I kist her, and how lang I woo'd,
Has gi'en me o'er, and run awa' wi' Tam.*

DAVIE.

*What's that, quo Davie, to my dainty Lamb ?
A Lamb, the best of a' my feckless Flock,
Was worried yonder on a waefu Rock,*

MUNGO.

*What silly stuff dings down the Hearts o' some ?
A gritter matter gars me greet and gloom.
Our Laird, shame fa' his chafts ! wad no forbear,
Till he had fleetch'd awa' my pickle geer,*

ho thus by turns, with Emulation sung
their diff'rent Ailments, in their native Tongue.

WILLIAM.

Alas! quoth *William*, if my Grief you knew,
With Sympathy you'd be distracted too.

Betty, the Sweet, the Beautiful, the Young,
By me, alas! lov'd, kiss'd, and courted long,
Has play'd the Jilt, and join'd another Swain.

DAVID.

What's that, quoth *David*, to my mighty Pain?
Lamb, the Pride of all my little Flock,
Was worried yonder on a rugged Rock.

MUNGO.

How little Cause have some to be perplex'd?
My Mind hath greater Reason to be vex'd.
ear, My Landlord, plague consume his fawning Tongue!

led, 'till I parted with my Money, long,

He gard me trow he'd put it in the Stocks,

And I thro' means o' some fly brokeing Fox,

Wad soon grow rich and be a Laird my sell;

Bat a' is lost, and I hae ne'er a Doyt to tell.

WILLIE.

I wonder, Sirs, to see ye hae the Face,

To ev'n your Trifles to my bonny Lass!

Wha use wi' Lambs or Siller to compare,

A precious Saul? —

DAVID.

Refer it to Bellair,

Gen ye for Bess, or Mungo for his Gowd,

Hae haff sae muckle reason to be dow'd.

MUNGO.

Sae be it — let Bellair the Case decide,

For he's a Scholard, yet withouten Pride.

swo're, if I wou'd put it in the Stocks,
that some kind Broker, cunning as a Fox,
You'd soon improve it to a large Estate,
but all is lost, and I must curse my Fate.

WILLIAM.

I wonder, Sirs, to see you have a Face,
equal Trifles to a lovely Lass!
none use with Lambs or Money to compare,
precious Soul.—

DAVID.

Refer it to *Bellair*.

whether his Mistress, or your Money lost,
I for my dead Lamb-kin suffer most.

MUNGO.

So be it — let *Bellair* the Case decide,
he's a Scholar, and yet has no Pride.

Bur

*But furst let ilk some futhy Wager lay,
That he my get a Prize wha wins the Day,
I, for my part, will stake my branded Ox,
I suffer maist, wha lost my Gowd in Stocks.*

WILLIE.

*And I will pand this Ring down in his loof,
He will decide the Case in my behoof ;
'Tis a' the Gift that e'er my Bessy gae,
I wad na loss't for a' the Nowt ye hae.*

DAVIE.

*I hae nae Ox nor Ring indeed to stake,
But a' I hae ye fall bae leave to take ;
Gen I the Wager loss — sae sure I am,
My loss is maist, wha lost a dainty Lamb.*

BELLAIR.

*Your kindness moves me, Shepherds, for your sake,
Gratefu, whate'er I can to undertake.*

But first, let each some worthy Wager lay,

That he who wins may bear a Prize away.

I for my Part will stake my ruddy Ox,

I suffer most by putting Gold in Stocks.

WILLIAM.

And I this Ring will pledge whene'er you please,

In my behalf, he will decide the Case.

Tis all the Gift that e'er my *Betty* gave,

More priz'd by me than all the Herds you have.

DAVID.

I have nor Ox, nor Ring indeed to stake,

But all my Goods ye shall have leave to take,

If I the Dispute lose, — so sure I am,

My Loss is greatest who have lost a Lamb.

BELLAIR.

Your kindness moves me, Shepherds, for your sake,

Grateful whate'er I can to undertake.

But

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*But first, as Judge, 'tis requisite I know
The Aggravations of your various Woe ;
Before I can impartial Sentence pass,*

WILLIE.

*Let me speak first, wha lost a bonny Lass :
The grittest Cause shou'd first of a' be heard,
And the best Singer hae the best Reward.*

BELLAIR.

*Let Mungo first rehearse his mournful Tale,
(For Bubbles more than Lasses now prevail.)
You next, and David last of all reply,
The Muses love alternate Melody ;
And as a Premium for the Shepherd's Pains,
Who best resembles * Ramsay's rural Strains ;
In † Burchet's Name, I here engage to give
Twice twenty Crowns, his Courage to revive.*

* A Scotch Poet. † Mr. Secretary Burchet, a Patron of Ramsay.

But first, as Judge, 'tis requisite I know
The Aggravations of your various Woe,
Before I can impartial Sentence pass —

WILLIAM.

Let me begin, who lost a lovely Lass ?
The greatest Cause should first of all be heard,
And he, that sweetest Sings, enjoy the best Reward.

BELLAIR.

Let *Mungo* first rehearse his mournful Tale,

For Bubbles more than Lasses now prevail ;)

You next, and *David* last of all reply —

The Muses love alternate Melody.

And, as a *Premium* for the Shepherd's Pains,

Who best resembles *Ramsay's* rural Strains ;

Burchet's Name, I here engage to give

Twice twenty Crowns, his Courage to revive.

MUNGO.

MUNGO.

*What fall I say? I had a hunder Mark,
O' Yellow Gowd, that glitter'd in the Dark;
Lang had it lain in a close cosie Hole,
Abint the Chimly, bigged in a Bole.
Fu safe it lay, 'till Bubbles gan to rise.
O gen I had it back! I wad be wise.*

WILLIE.

*I thought fasē Bessy mine fu hard and fast,
And that we twae shou'd Married be at last.
But ah! how aft hae Shepherds soon believ'd,
And by the Queans they trusted, been deceiv'd.*

DAVIE.

*My Lamb was grown a strang and tyddy Beast,
(The Laird himsell ne'er had a fatter Feast;)
Aft hae I said, whan ony chanc'd to speir,
“ How dis your Lamb? Fu gayly, bra won geer:*

MUNGO.

What shall I say? Five Pounds I had and more,
All yellow Gold, laid up in secret Store;
Behind the Chimney, pent from Face of Day,
Long in the Wall it undiscover'd lay;
It lay well hid, 'till Stocks begun to rise,
O if I had it back! I would be Wife.

WILLIAM.

I thought false *Betty* was my own secure,
And, when we should be married, in my Pow'r.
But ah! how oft have Shepherds soon believ'd,
And, by the Jilts they trusted, been deceiv'd.

DAVID.

My Lamb was grown a strong, a blooming Beast,
My Landlord ne'er enjoy'd a fatter Feast;)
But have I answer'd to my neighb'ring Swains,
Who ask'd its growth, — The best on all the Plains.
But

*But rackless Fate has met it on the Rock,
And I alas! am quite undone and broke.*

MUNGO.

*I took our Laird to be an honest Man,
(But they shou'd ne'er be trusted wha can bann.)
And mony a time the Brokers sent me Word,
My bunder Mark wad fetch me hame a Hoord.
Yet, 'mang 'em a', I poor unlucky Lad!
Instead o' gath'ring mair, lost a' I had.*

WILLIE.

*My Neighbour Tam pretended still to be,
A downright Man and faithfu Friend to me;
Yet he, fäse Carl! has sae unjustly play'd,
And taen my proper Bessy o'er my Head.
This mixes Wormwood in my Dish, and makes
My very Heart to stand upo' the Racks.*

DAV

But Fate, relentless, met it on the Rock,

And I alas ! am quite undone and broke.

M U N G O.

I took my Landlord for an honest Man,

But there's no trusting those that use to bann.)

And oft the Brokers gave me ground to hope,

My Grains should spring up to a plenteous Crop ;

Yet, 'mongst 'em all, I poor unlucky Lad !

Instead of gathering more, have lost the Goods I had.

W I L L I A M.

My Neighbour *Tom* pretended still to be

An upright Man and faithful Friend to me ;

Yet he has play'd a base, a treach'rous Part,

To steal away, so flyly, *Betty's* Heart.

This aggravates alas ! my cutting Woe,

The Thought that stabs, and keeps me tortur'd so.

Gen ony Tyke, to wham I ne'er was kind,
 Had kill'd my Lamb, it wad hae caum'd my Mind.
 But Coly, wha I dawted maist was he,
 That laid this Lade o' Poverty on me.
 Aft hae I patted wi' my Hand his Head,
 And frae my Pouch flung down grit dags o' Bread.
 And he, fu gratefu, us'd to wag his Tail,
 Bark'd when I bade, and did my Busness bale.
 But now, vile Cur! he fair'd me sae at last,
 For a' my Love and Kindness to him past.
 Let ne'er a Shepherd trust his Dog again —

MUNGO.

It wad hae saft'ned a' my inward Pain,
 And lang e'er now I'd gi'en my mourning o'er,
 Gen they had said they wad my Gowd restore.

D A V I D.

If any Dog, to whom I ne'er was kind,
Had kill'd my Lamb, it would have eas'd my Mind :
But *Coly*, whom I most indulg'd, was he,
That hath reduc'd me to this Poverty.
I have I patted with my Hand his Head,
And from my Pockets thrown him Lumps of Bread ;
And he most kindly us'd to wag his Tail,
Nor baulk'd my Busines on the Hill or Dale.
But now, vile Cur ! for all my Favours past,
He playd the Rogue, and serv'd me so at last.
Let ne'er a Shepherd trust his Dog again, —

M U N G O.

It might have soften'd much my inward Pain,
And long ere now my Mourning had been o'er,
They had said they would my Gold restore.

O 2

But

*But what can bear wi' Patience to be robb'd?
 Baith out o' Stock and Int'rest flyly jobb'd?
 As soon fall Frost congeal the rumbling Sea,
 As I thae Rogues, that sham'd me sae, forgie.*

WILLIE.

*Gen Bessy had na Sworn and Sworn again,
 That she ne'er loo'd sae wiel anither Swain;
 And that the Sea shou'd sooner cease to roar,
 Than she prove fase, and gie her Willie o'er;
 I cou'd hae born wi' gritter ease my grief,
 And drunk in ilka drap o' sweet relief.*

DAVIE.

*How foolish is it for an honest Clown,
 To trust a Tyke, whan he's grey-Bearded grown?
 Coly, whan Young, unpractis'd in Deceit,
 Was ay good natur'd, and ne'er prov'd a Cheat.*

But who can bear with Patience to be robb'd?

Both out of Stock and Interest to be jobb'd?

As soon shall Frost congeal the surging Sea,

As those Deceivers be forgiv'n by me.

WILLIAM.

If *Betty* had not sworn and sworn again,

That she ne'er lov'd so much another Swain;

And that the Sea should sooner cease to roar,

Than she prove false, and give her *William* o'er,

Could have born with greater Ease my Grief,

And catch'd the smallest Cordial for Relief.

DAVID.

How foolish is it for an honest Clown,

To trust a Dog when he's gray-bearded grown?

Young, when Young, unpractis'd in Deceit,

Was still good-natur'd, and ne'er prov'd a Cheat;

*Aft a' my Flocks I trusted to his Care,
And thought I might do sae for evermair.
But, like a Court-Man, he betray'd his Trust,
Afore I gae him Reason for disgust.*

MUNGO.

*I thought ere now I shou'd hae had a Coach,
A bonny Place, and Gow'd in ilka pouch.
Sae high the Laird my Expectations rais'd?
Sae muckle ware the waefu' Bubbles prais'd?
And yet I'm forc'd, wi' mighty Toil and Sweat,
To win a Groat to get my Guts some Meat.
Sae sad it is for sic a Chiel as me,
To rax for Riches — in a rough South-Sea.*

WILLIE.

*Bessy and I, gen she had faithfu prov'd,
Mught lang ere now hae shaun how weil we lov'd.*

upon several Occasions. 199

Oft all my Flocks I trusted to his Care,
And thought he ne'er would plunge me in despair,
But, like a Statesman, he betray'd his Trust,
Before I had provok'd him to disgust.

M U N G O.

Oft have I thought, before I knew their Tricks,
I have had fine Lodgings, and a Coach with Six.
So high my Hopes my crafty Landlord rais'd!
So much were these unlucky Bubbles prais'd!
And yet I'm doom'd with painful Toil and Sweat,
To earn a Groat to buy my Belly Meat.
So sad it is for such a simple Swain,
To launch into the Deep, in quest of Gain.

W I L L I A M..

Betty and I, if she had faithful prov'd,
Had long ere now discover'd how we lov'd.

O 4

We

*Ae House and Bed mught fair'd us baith fuwiel,
 But Tam, curst Tam and she hae play'd the Deel.
 The Bairns I thought to gotten a' my sell,
 Maun e'en be his. The very Thought is Hell.*

DAVIE.

*Had Coly spar'd my tyddy Lamb, I vow,
 It wad hae been a stately Creature now :
 I might hae sell'd it — for some futhy Men
 Wad ne'er hae stood to gi'en me three pund ten.
 Or gen I pleas'd to keep it mang the rest,
 It mught hae prov'd an unca' fruitfu Beast,
 For 'twas a Ew, a Ew of a bra kind ;
 Her gutcher, if I right the Matter mind,
 Was sent my Daddy in a Gift fu far,
 Wi' as fine Ouz as e'er was straik'd wi' Tar.*

We might have lodg'd in the same House and Bed,
But she with *Tom*, curst *Tom*! has play'd the Jade.
His all the Children now alas must be,
Tormenting Thought! that should belong to me.

D A V I D.

Had *Coly* spar'd my blooming Lamb, I vow,
would have prov'd a stately Creature now.
Might have sold it — for some lib'ral Men
Wou'd ne'er refuse the Price of five and ten:
If I chose to keep it with the rest,
Might in time have prov'd a teeming Beast.
Or 'twas a Ewe, a Ewe of fruitful Kind;
Her Grandsire, if I right the Story mind,
Has sent my Father in a Gift from far,
With as fine Wool as e'er was laid with Tar.

MUNGO.

*What is't but Rob'ry, open and avow'd,
 To cheat a Body out of a' his Gow'd?
 Tho' wi' fair Face and a fase fleetching Tongue,
 They gard me trow I shou'd na want it lang.
 I wonder fouk can glour us in the Face,
 When they do wrang, and their ain sell disgrace.*

WILLIE.

*It wad na vex'd my Spirit half sae fair,
 Gen they had only kist, and done nae mair:
 I cou'd forgie a stown dint in the Dark, —
 But openly they ran to the haf Mark.
 A while afore I fawnd them in a Grove,
 And heard them tell some unca tales o' Love,
 Yet a' the time the Glaeky gard me trow,
 She'd Marry me — I was a Fool I vow.*

M U N G O,

What other Name than Robbers shall I give,
To those that take away my Means to live?
Tho' with a courteous Air and flatt'ring Tongue,
They made me trust I shou'd not want them long,
I wonder those, that their own selves disgrace,
By doing Wrong, can look us in the Face,

W I L L I A M.

It should not half so much have vex'd my Mind,
If they had only kiss'd — Folk may be kind ;
An unseen Slip, through Love, allow I can —
But to the Curate openly they ran.
Sometime before I saw them in a Grove,
I heard them tell some wondrous Tales of Love ;
Mean while, for all that past betwixt them there,
She said she'd Marry me, — I was a Fool, I swear.

D A V I D.

DAVID.

Coly, fase Tyke ! without a' Conscience ran,
(I wish I may no in my Anger bann !)
 In fair foor Day, and did the wicket deed,
 Then cock'd his Tail, and fast awa he fled.
 Whitefoot and Bawtie present ware I heard,
 And ill ye ken is easy to be lear'd ;
 Gen, after his Example, they shou'd grow
 Sheep-stealers too, what fall poor Davie do ?

MUNGO.

How can I think upo my little Poze,
 And my Heart no' fa' down into my Hoose ?
 Twas blythfom anes to take the Yellow Hoord
 Out frae the Clout, and tell it on the Board.
 O ! how the Pennies glister'd in my Een.
 That Laird ! thae Brokers ! wou'd I ne'er had seen.

WILLIE

DAVID.

Coly, false Cur ! like an establish'd Rake,
I wish the Law my Choler may not break!)
In open Day, perform'd the wicked Deed,
Cock'd up his Tail, and fleet o'er Mountains fled.

Whitefoot and Bawtie both beholding stood,
And Ill, ye know, is easier learn'd than Good.
After his Example, they pursue
And worry Sheep, what shall their Master do?

MUNGO.

How can I think upon my little Store,
And yet my Heart be not afflicted sore?
I was Pleasure once to take the Guineas out,
And on the Table hurl them round about.
How each Piece glanc'd sweetly in my Eyes.
I curse those Brokers ev'ry Day I rise.

WILL-

WILLIE.

*O ! how I'm wounded to the very Heart,
 To think that ought shoud me frae Betty part.
 She was the gayest Lass that e'er I sa',
 Ay unca Heartsom, clean redd up and bra.
 Fu fait and Fimp she was about the Waif,
 Had fine tight Legs, and wow a snawy Breast !
 But than her Cheeks, her Lips, her Eyes sae rare,-
 She might e'en wi' my Lady's sell compare.
 O ! wha' cou'd see her, (God forgie my Sin !)
 And no find a' his Heart Strings dirl within !*

DAVIE.

*O ! 'twas a bonny Sight, amang the Coup,
 To see my Lambkin o'er the Bushes loup.
 Upo' the Staines it danc'd, and, whan I drove
 My Sheep to Fald, it ran afore the Leve.*

WILLIAM.

O! how I'm tortur'd in my inmost Heart,
To think that ought shou'd me from *Betty* part ;
For she was charming both in Mind and Face,
Without all Beauty and within all Grace.

Handsome and pretty was her stately Waist,
Her Legs genteel, and white as Snow her Breast ;
Oh ! her Cheeks, her Lips, her Eyes so rare,
She might e'en with my Lady's self compare.

None could behold her, (God forgive my Sin)
And not find Love thrill through his Veins within.

DAVID.

O! 'twas a Pleasure, on the bushy Rock,
To see my Lamb-kin skip amidst the Flock.
Over Stones it danc'd, and us'd to run and leap
To Fold convey'd my Flock of Sheep.

With

*Ae Day I thought I shou'd hae pish'd my Breiks,
 To see it dounch my Bawties hawket Cheeks.
 The Cur was sleeping, whan the canny Beast
 Gard him get up and Yowl — a bonny Fest !
 But now my Sport is a' to greeting turn'd,
 What anes was a' my Comfort now is mourn'd.
 O gen my Hands cou'd grup the Tyke, I vow,
 I'd gar him gирн to Death upon a Tow.*

BELLAIR.

Shepherds, give o'er, &c.



With Laughing once I thought t' have been undone,
When with full force upon my Dog it run.
Asleep he lay, when the facetious Beast
Rouz'd him in smart — it was a pleasant Jeſt!
But now my Sport is all to Sorrow turn'd, I long'ſt
What once delighted, now alas! is mourn'd.
E'er my Hands can catch the Cur, I hope,
To make him rue his Manners in a Rope.

B E L L A I R.

Shepherds, give o'er your soft complaining Lays,
Sing with Ease and merit more than Bays.
Well your various Suff'rings have been fung,
With Charms peculiar to your Native Tongue,
But, whilst I own that all of ye sing well,
It hard to judge what Swain does most excel:
Did not Bus'nesſ make me bid adieu
To these sweet Plains, to Pastimes, and to you,
VOL. I. P. I cou'd

I cou'd with Pleasure, 'till the Sun declin'd,
Attentive listen, and fresh Beauties find,
Beauties ! that *Phillips*, *Pope*, and *Pack* might
And e'en capricious *Dennis'* self approve.

Yet ere I go, my best Decision hear,
Nor think my Sentence partial or severe ;
Since each of what he wager'd is possesst,
And none allow'd to laugh at both the Rest.
For singing well, let *Mungo* keep his Ox,
'Tho', as I think, he nothing los'd in Stocks,
A Sum of Gold, however great or small,
Is rather lost, when buried in a Wall,
Both Useless to the Owners, and to all :
But, put in Stocks, it falls into the Hand
Of those that spend it for their native Land;
And, like the gen'rous *Campbell*, *Blount* and *Gwain*,
Crown Merit well, where Merit is allow'd.

or have you, *William*, so much Cause to mourn,

~~Betty cou'd from you to Thomas turn~~

Swain's most happy, who has least to do

~~With Lasses, who can Jilt and break a Vow.~~

other Strains adapt your tuneful Reed,

and joy that you from Misery are freed.

~~David is a Sufferer, I own,~~

M

~~hath most Ground of all the Three to moan.~~

~~David is poor, his Lamb was all his Pride,~~

~~Lamb can ne'er revive again ; beside,~~

~~lost his Dog ; and those that yet remain,~~

~~In his Example, may undo the Swain.~~

~~let not David be oppress'd with Grief,~~

~~go to Court, and thence procure Relief.~~

~~Hez is a wise, a gen'rous Soul, I'm sure !~~

~~Swain can suffer much, whilst he is cloath'd with~~

~~pow'r.~~



INSTRUCTIONS

TO THE

MUSE

IF I, of *Caledonian Race*,
May hope to share of *Cragg's Grace*,
'Tis fit he first shou'd know my Case.

Then, *Muse*, address the *Squire* in Rhyme,
But waste not his important Time;

With long and tedious Narration,

And tasteless, formal Supplication;

For certes He has more to do,

Than hearken to a Brat like you.

When by some artful Means or other, gain Admittance, make a Pother to shew your Breeding; for, by *Thee*, Judgment will be made of *Me*. Now, shou'd you with Behaviour awkward appear, 'twou'd turn his Blessing backward: whereas you'll win him, by *Decorum* — ev'd, when first you come before him, having made a handsome Leg, I was bred an honest *Whig*, in Rebellion Time, look'd big. Volunteer, in all our Party, is known more orthodox and hearty. I may indeed confess my Bravery small — but then so is my Knavery;

And, in the Cause, a faithful Creature,
His Honour knows is a great Matter!

When this is represented clearly,
Proceed to tell, however queerly;
How old a Dab I am at *Wit*,
And for a World of Uses fit!
— And here 'tis proper to enlarge,
And what your Conscience bids, discharge:
For You my Praise can better speak,
Than I, whom Modesty pulls back.
Next, faithful Muse, you may go on,
To shew that I shall be undone,
Unless he put me in a *Place*,
Or by a *Pension* cure my Case.
Suggest, that half a Score of Fellows,
(Whose Frauds, 'tis said, deserve the Gallows)

Are instantly to be turn'd out,
That others may get in, no Doubt.

Now, since I'm honest and in Need,
And eke can fairly write and read,
He may do worse than send me *North*,
To inspect *Tobacco*, and so forth.

But, after all, if C R A G G S shou'd say,
Muse, tell thy Master he must stay ;
Besides, thou art a chatt'ring Elf;
I want to talk with M I T C H E L L's self —
Den take your Leave with due *Decorum*,
As when you first appear'd before him.
Suffice it, that He heard You out —
A Sign he'll serve me, without Doubt !
Be it thy Task to sing his Praise,
And mine to mind whate'er he says.



To the Right Honourable

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

One of His MAJESTY's Principal Secretaries
State in the Year 1720.

C RAGGS, who, by Merits of your own,
Have climb'd to Honour and Renown !
Great Arbiter of Wit and Sense !

The Muses Friend, and my Defence !

Sure in this strange *Stock-jobbing* Season,
You've neither lost, nor left, your Reason ;
And, therefore, tho' the World to me
Appears as mad as it can be,

too wou'd fain my Fortune try,
Since you've a Finger in the Pye.
Tis plain, there is some *Charm*, or other,
Else wise Folks wou'd not make a Pother
About Subscriptions, great and small,
And, in the crowded *Ally* bawl,
Like Brokers with no Brains at all.
But what's the *Charm*, and how to know it,
Remains a Mystery to your Poet;
And must, while ready *Cash* is scant —
Unless your Honour say, I shant.
Not that I covet, or wou'd seem
A Parasite in your Esteem —
A living Soul cares less for Money;
And, tho' I'm poor, I scorn to fun ye.
Nay, for Fashion's sake, or so,
I too wou'd be glad the *Charm* to know;

And

And try if I too, quitting Rhimes,

Cou'd cut a *Figure* in these Times.

But shou'd you leave it to my Muse

To name the *Company* I chuse,

I'm such a *Novice* in the *Ally*,

That, meditating Shilly, shally,

Your *Honour's* Patience wou'd be tir'd,

Ere I cou'd tell what I desir'd.

Sometimes, I like the *South-Sea* best ;

Sometimes, believe it all a Jest.

To-Day, *Welsh-Copper*'s my Delight ;

To-Morrow, it appears a Bite.

By Turns, *York-buildings*, *Chelsea-water*,

And *River Douglas*, move my Satire.

The *Indian*, *African*, and so forth,

Now please, and then seem Things of no Worth.

In short, from Stocks at Cent per Cent,

To Stock, whereon no Money's lent,

(So apt my Humour is to rove)

I know not which to hate, or love.

Then may it please you, Sir, to say

What I must have, in your own Way —

And your Petitioner shall Pray.

}



A N



A N

SONDE

On receiving a WREATH of BAYS from

OPHELIA

Non usitata, nec tenui ferar
Penna — — — Hor.

I.



LET Him, who, favour'd by the Fair,
With Glove, or Ring, or Lock of Hair,
Think He's the happy Man —

The Crown, I wear upon my Head,

Has Energy to wake the Dead,

And make a Goose a Swan!

II.

See! how, like *Horace*, I aspire!

I mount! I tow'r sublimely high'r!

And, as I soar, I sing!

Behold, ye Earth-born Mortals all,

I leave you on your Kindred Ball,

With Fancy's lofty Wing!

III.

To humble Trophies dully creep,

And, in your Urns, inglorious sleep,

Ye *Roman Cæsars*, now —

Your Eagles' Flight was all in vain,

Since I've more Triumph in my Brain,

And greater on my Brow.

My

IV.

My Laurel, Rival of the Oak !
Malignant Planets, and the Stroak
Of Thunder, cannot shake.

My Thoughts, inspir'd by Love and Bays,
O'er all your boasted Lands and Seas,
Despotic Empire take.

V.

Why did great *Alexander* grieve ?
Because he cou'd no more atchieve ?

Had I been living Then,
I wou'd have taught the Hero how
He might have made the Nations bow,
By Fancy more than Men !

VI.

Encircled with my sacred Wreath,
I ride triumphant over Death ;

And, at Poetic Wheels,

I draw the Seasons of the Year,

I charm all Heav'n into my Sphere,

And Hell my Fury feels.

VII.

Shame on low Flights — Let us create

New Systems, and a new Estate,

For Bards and Lovers fit.

No higher, than *Elysium*,

Have *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, come,

With all their tow'ring Wit.

VIII.

To a new World, my Fair, let's fly,

Venus Thou! Apollo I!

To raise a Race of Gods.

Attend us, Poets, if you'd have

Subject, proof against the Grave,

T' immortalize your Odes.

Astro-

IX.

Astrologers, the Stars despise —

All Fate is in OPHELIA's Eyes :

From Them derive your Skill.

Their Influence only can undo,

Restore, confound, amend, renew,

Re-animate, and kill.

On OPHELIA.

I.

IN Praise of Women, we proclaim
 The *Breasts* of One, Another's *Face*,
 Here *Eyes* for ever roll in Fame,
 And there immortal lives a *Grace*.

II.

But, when OPHELIA's Charms we sing,
Not This, nor t'other Part, we praise,
Nor need we borrow'd Beauties bring,
A perfect Character to raise.

III.

As Heav'ns Epitome design'd,
Whole of Her our Wonder draws,
We worship and adore her Mind,
Once her Person charms and awes.

IV.

What finish'd Pieces have been shown ?
We we not seen a Thousand more ?
But when the fair OPHELIA's gone,
Exhausted will be Beauty's Store.

V.

Posterity shall, sorrowing, say,
“ Our Fathers saw superior Worth,
“ The perfect Mold was cast away,
“ When Nature brought OPHELIA forth.



To O P H E L I A,
With the Power of Beauty
A P O E M.

THou, at whose Feet my *Muse* her Lay
lays,
To whom my *Heart* its first Devotion pays,
Peruse this Paper, that, impartial, tells
How much a *Lady*, like your self, excels:
How, vainly, other Pow’rs appear in Arms
Against the Force of *Beauty’s* conquering Charm.

If small Engagement, in my Verse, you find,

Condemn my *Muse*, but to my *Heart* be kind.

Sometimes faintly tell the Pain a *Lover* feels,

When ev'ry Passion to his *Charmer* kneels.

poorly our Art the Force of Nature shows!

In native Life, what dead Resemblance glows?

Think, *Madam*, tho' Adorers round you pres,

None loves you more,— and *Love* deserves Success.

higher Merit I presume to boast:

That is worthless, my Ambition's lost.

Whatever your Pleasure shall pronounce my Fate,

Will be my Pride, your humble Slave to wait:

Happy enough, if I am blest to see

Those Eyes, that conquer Thousands, shine on Me,

But, shou'd you, gracious, my Address regard,

And, by your Love, at length, my Pains reward,

No favour'd *Beauty*, to the *Muses* known,
Shou'd e'er receive more Homage than your own.
Yet ill cou'd *Verse* your Heav'n of Charms display,
As well might Paint outshine the God of Day.





T H E
POWER of BEAUTY.
A
O E M.

I

N golden Times, when *Virtue's Pow'r*
prevail'd;
Ere *Truth* took Wing, or publick
Credit fail'd;
Poets fung, as Heav'n, it self, inspir'd;
Men were just to Merit they admir'd:

A Lady fair, SAPHIRA was her Name!

Grac'd Salem's Court, and higher rais'd its Fa

Fix'd was the Eye, that e'er her Glories view

Nor scap'd a Heart in Israel, unsubdu'd,

Her, rival Lovers crowded to adore,

And Blood boil'd hot, that Icy was before.

But none the Pow'r of Beauty better knew,

Than tuneful Bards, whose whole Address she

Low, at her Feet, their Labours most were

And most she lik'd the Homage, that they paid

All urg'd their Suit, and willingly submit

To SOLOMON, the Judge of Men, and Wit:

He, high enthron'd, amidst his Nobles sat,

To try their Merit, and conclude Debate.

They, bowing low, expect th' important The

And hope, to win the Prize of Love, and F

on several Occasions. 231

Strait, was the Question publish'd, by the King,
Few, plain, Words—*What's the most pow'rful Thing?*

Solemn Silence A H A B - M E L E C H broke,
He lov'd the King, and loyally he spoke.

O Sage in Counsel, as, by Armies, strong,
What, but thy *Self*, deserves the Poets' Song?

Thou, G O D's Vicegerent ! hast the greatest Pow'r :
Thou art th'Almighty, but in Miniature !

All Things the Art, and Arms, of Men obey,
And Men are rul'd by thy unrival'd Sway.

Flatterers shout, and wou'd the Trial end,
When S A H A B rose, his Topic to defend.

Is there, said He, a greater Pow'r, than *Gold*?
What King, without it, can Dominion hold?

I flatter not — and let my *Rivals* prove,
That there is ought more prevalent, in Love.

A second Noise ran murmuring thro' the H
When, thus, S H E T H I G A H hush'd Opinions all S o
 " Wine has the Pow'r, that nothing else can claim S l e e p
 " Omnipotence! but with another Name. R e s t
 " With It, in vain, we Kings and Gold compa Th
 " Both are but Dust, and shall to Dust repair! I n s t r
 " Mankind may starve amidst a hoarded Store, D o e s
 " And Time, once lost, can be redeem'd no mor And
 " But Wine, immortal, as its Author, lives, A g a i n
 " And fresh Recruits, to all its Votaries, gives. W h e n
 " Wit, Sense, and Reason, Glories of the Soul S t r o n g
 " Govern'd by Wine, confess its sweet Controul A t b
 Here was each Lover of the Grape alarm'd, W a t e r
 And, in Defence of his dear Bottle, warm'd; O v e r
 When solemn J A S H E N from his Seat arose, W i t h
 And silenc'd, thus, the Faction of his Foes. D e l u

Conquests, he said, by Pow'r of *Wine* obtain'd,
Soon lose their Virtue, and the Place they gain'd.
Sleep, potent *Sleep!* kind Nature's friendly Aid!
Restores the Force, by tempting Juice betray'd.
Tho' dull, and lazy, *It*, perhaps, appears,
Instruct, ye *Rivals*, what more Victory wears.
Does it not ev'ry blust'ring Paffion bind,
And, at its Pleasure, silence all Mankind?
Again loud Murmurs shew'd a Party Zeal,
When JUBAL rose, and made the next Appeal.
Strong Arguments, to shew the greatest Strength,
At best, are weak, if forc'd to yield at length.
Water, alone, with a resistless Force,
O'er boasted Mounds, precipitates its Course.
With Rush impetuous, did not mighty Floods
Deluge the Plains, and sweep o'er Hills and Woods?

“ Deep

“ Deep under Waves, the Pomp of Nature sunk,

“ And Birds, and Beasts, and Men, Destruction drun-

Scarce what he spake had the Assembly heard,

Ere hot MENORAH in the Crowd, appear'd,

“ ‘Tis *Fire* alone Omnipotence can boast;

“ For, by its Pow'r, all other Pow'r is lost.

“ *Fire* wastes whole Cities, Nations, in its Way,

“ And will, at last, make Heav'n and Earth a

“ Th'united Forces, of the spacious Main,

“ May try to conquer, but shall try, in vain.

Then grim THEMUTHAH, looking stern, beg-

“ Till my contending Brothers clearly can

“ Produce a Pow'r, more terrible, than *Death*,

“ In vain, they spend their argumentive Breath,

“ Despotic, *He*, o'er this Creation reigns,

“ And binds the mighty, in eternal Chains.

" Survey his Strength, when, on the hostile Field,
The proudest Victors to his Triumph yield.
" Think how he stalks, o'er dreadful Conquests made,
Himself the only Terror unafraid!
" Experience shews my Argument is good,
Nor can its Force, by any, be withstood.
Here rose a Shout, till gentle SAMAR spoke:
I've heard, that *Musick* into Hell has broke.
Th' inexorable Gates, before it, wide
Their Iron Folds, with dreadful Crush, divide;
The tortur'd *Ghosts*, by soothing Notes, were eas'd,
And *Fates*, and *Furies*, found themselves appeas'd.
O'er Death, victorious danc'd the pow'rful *Airs*,
And forc'd Obedience to a *Poet's* Pray'rs.
Others, as Judgment, or, as Fancy, mov'd,
Declar'd their Minds to win the Prize belov'd,

But

But when AMANAH rose, to urge his Claim,
SAPHIRA's Blushes shew'd her inward Flame,
Him most she lov'd, of all the tuneful Throng
And most she read, tho' secretly, his Song.

Ne'er had her Words her Heart's Desire confess'd;

She smother'd all the Ardours of her Breast.

The *Bard*, with equal Passion, inly, glow'd,
And more Confusion, than his Fellows, shew'd.
He answer'd to the Question of the King,
As Love had, oft, inspir'd his Muse to sing.

“ Since you, great Judge, vouchsafe a gracious E

“ Tho' last I speak, I have no Cause to fear.

“ Unbiass'd, you will weigh my Answer's Worth,

“ And, as is just, bring your Decision forth.

“ That glorious Prize were ill deserv'd by me,

“ Did I think, ought, but half so strong, as

“ Resistless

Resistless Beauty! — Thus I speak my Sense,
And, if I fall, I fall in her Defence.
Woman has Charms, which nothing can compare,
And, of all Women, she's the fairest Fair.
In her fine Person, all their Charms are join'd,
And Myriads more adorn her noble Mind.
He said—The Court impatient now remain,
Till, thus, the King reliev'd the common Pain.
Let rival Bards no more dispute the Prize,
Against the Pow'r of bright SAPHIRA's Eyes.
He merits best, who most her Pow'r conceives,
Nor greater Strength, in all the World, believes.
In her, AMANAH feels th'united Charms
Of all her Sex—and who can fly their Arms?
Beauty has Pow'r, to animate, or kill:
Love is its Child, and Love's a Conquerour still.

The

The Sentence giv'n, the shouting Crowd declar'd
How much the Royal Wisdom was rever'd:
While, by the Hand, the *King SAPHIRA* led
To fond AMANAH, and divinely, said;
“ Take, lucky *Rival*, and distinguish'd *Bard*,
“ Of *Love* and *Verse*, this never match'd Reward
He, bowing low, his Gratitude express'd,
And *she* the burning Transports of her Breast.

ON A

FLY,

Drown'd in a Lady's Eye.

I.

DEluded FLY! that thus presum'd
T' invade celestial Light!

Bold PHAETON, to Ruin doom'd,
Fell not from such a Height!

II.

You hop'd to mingle in a Flame,

And, *Phœnix* like, expire!

How vain was your ambitious Aim ?

How strange to drown in Fire ?

III.

OLCHARUS, because he try'd

To trace a trackless Way,

as all, at once, like you, destroy'd

By Sun-beams, and by Sea.

IV.

Happy you, who, now at Rest,

So sweet a Tomb can boast.

CHLOE's Cruelty you're blest,

As by your Rashness lost.

Let

V.

Let Lovers learn, by yours, their Fate;

"Tis CHLOE's Pride to slay.

Domitian like, she leaves her State,

And stoops to any Prey.

*To a young LADY, on her Marriage
with an old Gentleman.*

I.

SINCE all thy Fishing but a Frog hath catch'd
Aurora, now, have I not Cause to rage?

Shou'd I not grieve, to see thy Morning match'd
With one, who's in the Evening of his Age?

II.

Shou'd hoary Hairs, the Messengers of Death,
Mix with thy Locks, whose Colour is like Gold ?
Should Wrinkles bath in thy ambrosial Breath,
And Life be lengthen'd to an Oaf, so old ?

III.

Must He, who's Jealous, thro' his own Defect,
By Beauty's unstain'd Treasure only taste ?
Wish'd, as he fumbles heavily, suspect,
That others share a Portion of his Feast.

IV.

More than my own, her Fortune I deplore,
Who, now condemn'd to monumental Arms,
Sear'd the dull Sot upon her Bosom snore,
Conscious of his Duty, and her blooming Charms.



L. I.

R

THE

THE

KISS

OR, THE

SHEPHERD's Cure.

I.

IN that soft Season of the Year,
When Nature smiles, and all is gay,
As COLIN watch'd his fleecy Care,
And sung, and play'd, the Hours away,
The noble SYLVIA chas'd the Hare,
And pass'd the Hillock where he lay.

SHT

II. The

II.

Thought ne'er had rack'd the Shepherd's Brain,
Love had not yet surpriz'd his Heart:
But soon as SYLVIA scowr'd the Plain,
Her Beauties struck him like a Dart.
He wonder'd Charms shou'd cause such Pain,
And labour'd to conceal his Smart.

III.

Alas! th'Idea, fix'd so deep
In COLIN's Mind, would not remove;
He broke his Pipe, forgot his Sheep,
And languish'd in a neighbouring Grove ;
Sometimes wou'd sigh, sometimes wou'd weep ;
But did not know He was in Love.

IV.

The social Swains around him came,
And, sympathizing, ask'd his Case.
They wou'd divert his Mind with Game,

Another his Distemper trace.
But none perceiv'd the hidden Flame,
Tho' bashful Love o'erspread his Face.

V.

For twice two Weeks he knew no Rest;
He pin'd away with silent Grief;
But weak and wan, at last, confess'd
And bid the Swains pursue the Thief.
The Nymph, he said, divinely drest,
That stole my Heart, can yield Relief.

VI.

I seek not vainly to be lov'd
By one so fair, and great, as she:
But, since her Charms so fatal prov'd,
Oh! let her not too cruel be.
If, by poor COLIN's Suff'rings mov'd,
She'd grant a Kiss, 'twou'd set me free.

VIL

VII.

This said, He blush'd, and sunk with Shame,
To think the World should know his Care:
He fear'd the Swains wou'd mock his Flame,
And her Refusal breed Despair.

Ah! who such harmless Love could blame?

Wou'd SYLVIA prove less mild, than fair?

VIII.

Thro' all the Plains the News was spread,

The Swains and Nymphs lament his Fate;

'Twas told to SYLVIA He was dead, —

What Pity did the News create?

Why came not COLIN? SYLVIA said —

Or, why heard I the News so late?

IX.

Her Sorrows, soon to COLIN brought,

With Hopes of Pity fix'd his Mind.

Sure, if she grieves, (He rightly thought)

She cannot, will not, prove unkind.

Then SYLVIA's Bow'r, the Shepherd sought,
And had the Kiss, for which he pin'd.

X.

Now cur'd, and grown himself again,
He sings and plays beside his Flocks,
With SYLVIA's Name is fill'd the Plain,
With SYLVIA's Name resound the Rocks.
No other Goddess aids his Strain,
No other Goddess He invokes.





To a SINGING BIRD.

An ANACREONTIC.

Pretty, pleasant, Warbler, why
Sing We, without Liberty?
Thou, for Him, who Thee detains!
I, for Her, whose Charms are Chains!
Ah! How disproportion'd are
Notes of Pleasure, and of Care?
Whilst Thou sing'st, thy Heart is glad:
Mine, alas! depreſſ'd and ſad.
Thou, by singing, liv'st — but I
Languish, and deſpair, and die.



A

MEMORIAL to VIRTUE

Unfinished.

THY boasted Glories, VIRTUE, I have
And long amid' thy zealous Votaries been
Whatever Sages, in thy Praise, have said,
Eager, I learnt; and, what they taught, obey'd
For faithful Service, and intense Regard,
I'm bold, at last, to claim a just Reward.
Naked, and poor, I've waited, in thy Train;
But shall I always indigent remain?
Must I be forc'd, as Millions have before,
To give the fruitless, fond, Dependance o'er?

on several Occasions. 249

Well do'st thou know how honest I have prov'd!
How much thy Nature is, by mine belov'd!
I wou'd not leave Thee, wou'dst Thou Victuals give;
But flowry Speeches cannot make me live.
I must have more than Words, to keep me true:
Shadows, without some Substance, will not do.
The World derides me, while I gratis wait;
I am pointed at, as VIRTUE's Slave of State!
My old Companions fly me, as a Pest;
And my dull Morals prove the common Jest.
Wilt thou — they cry — be singularly good,
And stand alone, distinguish'd from the Crowd?
Think how to thrive, by Methods more secure.
VIRTUE is fair, but miserably poor!
Besides, her Rules are hardly worth thy Care:
For sprightly Youth, and Humour, too severe!
" And

“ And, tho’ Contentment, in your self, you find,
“ Not one of Millions will be of your Mind.
“ The World will call your studied Goodness, Praise
“ And sober Life, as fly Design, deride :
“ And ’twere but vain, to strive against the Tide. Dy'd I
I answer: Wealth and Honours are by Fate Resolv'd
Contriv'd, to give insipid Coxcombs Weight: Have i
They only serve, to fill the Want of Sense,
And wait, like Slaves, on fawning Impudence: Take y
That VIRTUE, ev'n in Rags, commands Regard Time,
And is, it self, its own immense Reward.
This they call Cant, a mere delusive Dream:
“ Single, but out — they say — the greatest Name in sta
“ And mark, how poorly VIRTUE crown'd his Da
“ And thence infer, how ill Desert succeeds.
“ Was Cæsar virtuous? What Reward had He?
“ How dy'd the Hero? — For, at Death, we

whether the Man meets happy Fate, or no :

What boots a Glory, that, at Death, must go ?

May, deluded Mortal, was he blest,

Whose Virtue *Cæsar's* Person most opprest ?

Dy'd *Brutus* happier than the envied Man ?

Resolve us this, you Zealot, if you can.

Have not the Good and Bad a common Fate ?

And be they not most happy, who be Great ?

Take you the VIRTUE, leave us the Estate.

Tell me, fair Goddess, how to make Reply,

Unmely save, or quickly I must fly.

Never to shun the Learning of thy School,

Nam starve in Life, and die a knowing Fool.





An ODE,

(*In Allusion to the 2d of HOR*

To His Royal Highness

The PRINCE of WALES

In the Year 1720.

Quem vocet Divum Populus ruentis

Imperi Rebus? — — — Hor. Ode 2. Lib.

— Præsens Divus habebitur

Augustus — — — Ib. Ode 5. Lib.

I.

 NOUGH, his Wrath Almighty
Has pour'd upon a Rebel Race:
BRITANNIA reels beneath the

And, sinking, supplicates his Grace.

II.

A humbled Nation, now, too late,
Dire Effects its Folly finds ;
We mourn the Mis'ry of our State,
And curse the rash, projective, Minds.

III.

Our Babylon had towr'd so high,
Lawless was our Conduct grown,
Twas fit that Judgment from the Sky
Should crush the weak Supporters down.

IV.

How keen we labour'd to be Great,
By preying on our Neighbour's Store ?
To what curst Heights we push'd our Fate,
And rose, to make our Fall the more ?

O'er

V.

O'er all the Banks the Waters broke,
And delug'd quite the fruitful Plain ;
Strong Damms cou'd scarce resist the Shock,
And Mounds were rear'd, but rear'd in vain.

VI.

As Clouds obscure Meridian Rays,
Merit became the common Jest :
Fortune look'd kind on knavish Ways,
And Blockheads have succeeded best.

VII.

They, who, at Distance, saw the Scene,
And mark'd what foreign Sharpers won,
Fear'd Conquests might be made again,
Or we, by Civil War undone.

VIII.

The Nobles, who with Rabble join'd,
To gather in the golden Show'r,
Are whelm'd alike in Grief of Mind,
Alone most miserably Poor.

IX.

His private Suff'rings who can bear ?
Or what the publick Loss retrieve ?
Whom shall we beg our Cries to hear ?
What Pow'r our ruin'd State will save ?

X.

In vain, we look to neighbouring Lands —
They labour in the like Distress ;
Or mock our Mis'ry, since our Hands
Have wrought the Woes, our Tongues confess.

Kind

XI.

Kind Heav'n, whom will thy Pity send
To lift BRITANNIA's drooping Head?
What living Patriot can defend?
Or wilt thou raise one from the Dead?

XII.

Ye Ministers of State awake,
And prove the Virtues you possess:
'Tis Yours to act for BRITAIN's Sake,
And all our Grievances redress.

XIII.

O S——, thou favour'd Peer!
Thy Honesty and Pow'r exert:
Now is the Time thy Fame to clear,
And show you have our Weal at Heart.

XIV.

S——e, renown'd in Peace and War !

Adorn'd with ev'ry liberal Art !

More, if you can, your self endear,

By acting, now, a Patriot's Part.

XV.

N——le, here, your Interest try :

You cannot too officious prove :

With Fortune raise your Honour high,

And win, by Merit, lasting Love.

XVI.

O P——r, Oracle of Law,

Convince us of the Skill you boast,

And from the Depths of Ruin, draw

Our publick Credit, ere 'tis lost.

XVII.

A—e, thou dear, distinguish'd Chief,
Whose Sword was never drawn in vain,
Whose Counsel can afford Relief,
The Ballance of our State maintain.

XVIII.

Britannia's Case, at Home, O S—r,
Regard, and sure Assistance send,
If yet, from *Europe's* grand Affair,
You can your godlike Thoughts unbend.

XIX.

Thy Patriot-Zeal, and Conduct, now
When Matters at a Crisis stand,
In future Management, bestow,
O W—e, for a groaning Land.

XX.

But ah ! in vain, we look below,
And Aid from mortal Hands implore ;
To Pow'r superior we must go,
That, only, can our Bliss restore.

XXI.

When shall *Britannia* see again
Her Monarch come renown'd from far,
Whose Absence aggravates her Pain,
In whom her Hopes all center'd are ?

XXII.

Let ne'er succeeding Times record,
Or neighbouring Pow'rs in Triumph boast,
That *G—e*, like an unfaithful Lord,
In G—y, his B—n lost.

XXIII.

O WALES, *Augustus* of our Days,
Vouchsafe to cast an Eye abroad,
And, by the Brightness of your Rays,
Assert your Self a second God,

XXIV.

While your great Sire prolongs his Stay
At Courts, less worthy present Care,
The People, you was born to sway,
To you address their ardent Pray'r.

XXV.

Be it your Glory, to confound
The Foes of Royalty, and Peace :
Make publick Credit yet renown'd,
Our Trade revive, our Murmuring cease.

XXVI.

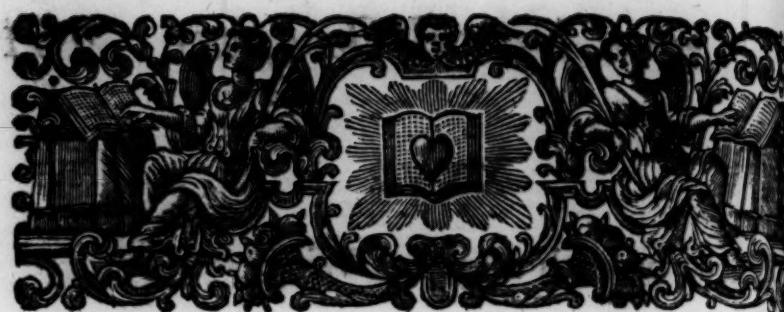
O when, beneath *Augustus' Wing,*

Shall Sister-Arts illustrious rise ?

When shall the sacred Muses sing,

In *British*, as in *Roman*, Skies.





To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *Lauderdale, &c.*

WITH A

SATIRE, (written by another Hand) on the *Upstart Gentleman*.
Anno Dom. 1720.



ET others, in their mercenary Lays,

Cringe for *Preferment*, and run mad,

Praise,

A *Bard*, that, but to merit, scorns to bow,

Is proud, my *Lord*, to Tune his Voice to you,

you, who, far unlike the *Vulgar Great*,
boast a Soul distinguish'd as your State;
And, by a long *Hereditary Right*,
Claim the first Homage of the *Verse* I write.

Tis not for *me*, a skill-less Youth, to trace
Back to its Source, your old, illustrious *Race*,
And rashly, on a feeble, unfledg'd Wing,
Attempt your *Honours* and *Deserts* to sing.

I, who small Interest in *Parnassus* share,
Sing, but sometimes, to charm away my Care,
And ne'er to high distinguish'd Fame aspire,
Must be content, at Distance, to admire.

I view the tow'ring *Genius* with Delight,
But dare not rise to an *Icarian Height*;
And, tho' t'illustrate Merit I despair,
Yet boast I can discern it, and revere.

Be this my Praise, that I with Justice claim
To Love; tho' not adorn, your noble Name.
'Tis Part of Virtue, Virtue to explore,
And, what we cannot higher raise, adore.

But while, my *Lord*, I own my rude Essays,
And weak Pretensions to the sacred *Bays*,
My *Muse* another's better Work commends
To you, on whose Indulgence she depends.
Here, in fair Colours, suited to their State,
A Brother-Bard describes the *Ignoble Great*:
How *mimick Patriots*, in gilt Chariots, ride,
Forget the *Dunghils*, and *themselves*, thro' Pride.
O how unlike, how far remov'd from thine,
The *Upstarts'* Features rise in every Line!
What *Giants* bownce, who were but *Pigmies* bounce,
Below our *Envys*, and scarce worth our *Scorn*!

But as the *Gemm* appears distinctly bright,
Midst vulgar *Stones*, involv'd in Shades of Night;
True *Greatness* most superior Worth displays,
When with false *Lustre* we compare its *Rays*.
Pleas'd, I behold the Opposition stand,
Approve the Work, and bless the *Master's* Hand.
No better I my *Fondness* cou'd express!
No fitter Name for *Patronage* address!
Pardon, my *Lord*, th' Ambition of my Mind;
Duty and *Love* can hardly be confin'd;
They press officious, where true Merit dwels,
And are more rude, the more the Man excels.
Tho' none on *Flatt'rers* looks with greater Pain,
And views *unletter'd Lords* with more disdain;
I wou'd Encomiums, well deserv'd, bestow,
Nor think it servile to be praising you.

Impure

Impure *Allays* may noblest Coin debase;

But upright *Sterling* with Applause will pass.

The Man, whose Vertues shew his noble Blood,

Can risque his Fortune for his Country's Good;

Abhors all selfish, mean and private Ends;

Relieves the Needy, and obliges Friends;

Ne'er from the golden Rules of Order swerves;

Nor fears the Stings of Envy, nor deserves;

Who ev'ry Thing at its just Value rates;

Nor courts blind Fortune's bounteous Gifts,

And, 'midst the Charms of Nature, and of Art,

Is modest still, and humble in his Heart:

'Tis *He*, that best deserves our chosen Lays —

A Man, so great, 'tis impious not to Praise.

No feign'd Perfections, from another brought,

Need here, to make a Character, be wrought.

and to his Name, no Flattery stains the Lyre,

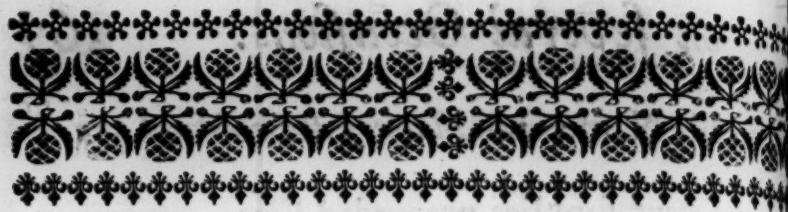
Nor Compliment supplies pretended Fire.

He all the *Muses'* Homage shou'd receive,

If I cou'd write, and you, my Lord, forgive.



TO



T O

Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY



EADING your Works, and looking

the List

Of generous Patrons, who your

assist,

I felt a Pleasure, thrilling thro' my Veins,

That, by Degrees, inspir'd the following Strains

The following Strains, ingenious Bard, impart,

Without Reserve, the Language of my Heart.

No Season's late, to prove my Muse your Friend

'Tis yours to pardon what I fondly send.

A friend

A friendly Letter needs no studied Phrase:

What books affected in familiar Lays.

To diff'rent Themes a diff'rent Style is fit,

And he, who hits it, is the wisest Wit.

What obvious Blunders some conceited Bards,

Who rhyme for Sport, or scribble for Rewards,

For Want of genuine Inspiration make?

They, like Night-Wanderers *This* for *That* mistake.

Riding, they fall, and, in their soaring, strain.

Their Toil is trivial, and their Pleasure Pain.

Describing Streams, and drawing Carpet-ground,

They bounce the Air, and dun our Ears with sound.

Attempting Scenes of Blood and Death to sing,

They cool our Spirits, as they moult their Wing.

The Bard, who knows his Muses' Strength aright,

Proportions well his Language to his Flight:

Beyond

Beyond his Sphere he labours not to shine.
This Praise, O *Ramsay*, is deserv'dly thine.
Knowing the Themes adapted to your Skill,
None else you sing, and never sing 'em ill.
Nature sits easy in what you rehearse,
And smiles Distinction on your flowing Verse.
Writing to you, your happy Way I'd chuse ;
Who copies Thine, has Nature for his Muse.
Thoughts from the Subject, Words from ~~Th~~
The Words all Musick, and the Thoughts all ~~Wi~~
By various Avocations, leisure Time
Is not allow'd me, to declare in Rhime,
How much I value each, particular, Piece!
How frequent Readings more Desire encrease!
What Beauties glow in ev'ry finish'd Line !
What Judgment form'd, and manag'd, each Des

The mighty Task, for casual Verse unfit,

Requires much Time, and more than *B——t's* Wit.

B——t, in friendly Frolick, shew'd his Skill —

Leave to Criticks, whether well, or ill.

Tis mine to praise — for what is got by Spite ?

For Pleasure, not to sully Fame, I write.

Like you, I look on surly Censurers down,

Yet, more than others, cou'd reproach my own.

Good Sense and Nature, like eternal Truth,

Will always flourish with unfading Youth.

True Worth the Test of Time will bravely stand,

And silent Rev'rence from its Foes command.

But, if I may distinguish, from the Rest,

Master-piece, or, what I think is best:

Not all you've writ deserve my *Muse's* Praise,

Deaf * *Chrif't's Kirk* merits most the Bays.

A Poem, by Mr. *Ramsay*.

There

There Nature shines, and there the Charms of Art
Display Low-life, and catch the Reader's Heart.
Humour gives Judgment an engaging Grace,
*And royal * JAMES to you resigns his Place.*
Rare Prince, whose Bays were richer than his Crown
Rare Bard, to whom that Prince transfers Renown.
So Merit ever stronger proves than Name,
And Fame it self admits Degrees of Fame.
While I, with Justice, what is publish'd praise,
I blame the Want, I mourn for, in your Lays.
Profuse of comick and diverting Wit,
You seldom on a serious Subject hit.
Seldom a Thought on Life's great Business spend.
So far you disregard the Muses' End,
(Nor for my Freedom think me less your Friend.)

* King James the Fifth of Scotland, began the Poem called sole
C H R I S T ' S K I R K.

From Heav'n your sacred Inspiration came.

Too faint Returns you breathe of heav'nly Flame.

Facetious Lines we, once, with Joy repeat;

They're gay Deserts, but too, too, weakly Meat!

Religious, Verse from such a popular Pen,

Might, more than Preaching, tame ungovern'd Men.

Your sad Neglect, it seems, the *Clergy* took —

find no *Rev'rend* Names before your Book.

Ne'er the World a second Volume crave,

Dear R A M S A Y, show you sometimes can be grave.

R I O R, a Bard of equal Fame! is proud

"appear, on some Occasions, greatly good.

H I L L, himself, his *Seraph* Muse employs

Sacred Themes, and spurns at trifling Joys.

friend humour awhile may, like a Meteor, last,

em call at Solemn Verse will ever stand the Test.

Thus antient Poets gain'd eternal Fame:

The noblest Garlands crown the noblest Flame

I, thrown by Fate amid the *Syren* Charms,

Too oft, like you, forsake Religion's Arms.

Nor feel I Pain for ev'ry devious Verse,

That Friends, or Humour, tempt me to reheat

Yet, when cool Judgment rules my Muse again,

With SALEM's King, I own, that all is vain

We never more improve the Talents giv'n,

Than, when our Works are most ally'd to Heaven

While persecuted by malicious Tongues

Of partial Zealots, for my well-meant Songs,

To You, no Bigot, I declare my Mind,

And prove my Foes dishonest, as unkind:

But *Priests* will still, where Craft prevails, be blind

Whom they resolve to banish from their Fold,

No Means can save, but pow'rful Bribes of Gold.

Good Sense, and Truth in naked Dress, in vain,
Gainst holy Wrath their Stations wou'd maintain.
Ill-temper'd Zeal, like Powder fir'd, drives on;
The Object, mark'd, is sure to be undone.

But whither does my Fancy, reinless, rove?
How far from first Intention am I drove?

Minds, one way turn'd, the Forms of Art forget:
Freedom of Speech makes Intercourse compleat.

Rivers, meeting, mix their mighty Store,
And o'er the Mounds in rude *Meanders* roar.

O happy RAMSAY, whom no Sects pursue!
To whom all Parties yield a righteous Due!

Plac'd in a lucky Sphere of Life, you shine:
The Great and Small to raise your Fame combine.
The lowly, one of their own Rank admire,
Tis but rare they boast celestial Fire.

The noble Smile, to see themselves outshone,
And, more than Art, the Pow'r of Nature own.
All gladly give the Palm your Genius claims,
And none your Muses' gay Productions blames.
Whate'er is wanting, what she sings is well,
And shews the Seeds that in your Bosom dwell.
A Man's a Man, altho' not sev'n Foot high—
Anacreon was no Dwarf in Poetry.
Tho' HOMER shone the mighty Soul of Verse,
The *minor Poets* sweetly could rehearse.
Without HILL's Strength, and POPE's han.
nious Flow,
The Muse's Fire in GAY and ME may glow.
Proceed, my Friend, to tame the savage Foul,
Who grin at all but their cogenial Prose;
Reform the Taste of CALEDONIA's Brood:
Your Way must take, as easiest understood.

By small Degrees, the Language will refine,

Till *Sterling English* in our Numbers shine.

Then, ev'n our vulgar, shall, delighted, read

More polish'd Strains, and on their Beauties feed.

I joy to see the *Scotian* Youth display

Such early Dawnings of a glorious Day!

Great Things from Promise of their Muse is due!

Things! to a long, beclouded Nation new!

The World shall own, that as our Soldiers fight,

Our rising Poets, as illustrious, write.

The Senate, Pulpit, and the Bar, shall tell

What Energy can make the Man excel.

They, who their Boast to Inspiration owe,

o'er their Fellows, just Distinction show.

succeed my Wishes, ye propitious Pow'rs,

and make, at length, the *British* Glory ours.

I, late, an humble Helper to the Nine,
Who joy'd to see my Country's Glory shine,
Fond, to my Pow'r, to wipe Reproach away,
And 'midst the Snows a blazing Flame display,
Now, doom'd by my inexorable Foes,
Attach'd to Dullness, and enslav'd by Prose,
Have bid my Friends and native Air adieu,
And Fortune in more gracious Realms pursue;
Here, from my Feet, the Dust, with Sorrow, t
And, where stiff *Cant* can never reach me, g
Where'er, O RAMSAY, Chance my Course
bend,
Be thou, as I am, an unshaken Friend.
Away Despair, inglorious Fears, be gone,
I'll hope the best, — 'Tis Virtue leads me on.



A

H Y M N
TO THE
M U S E S.

I.

L ET Praise and Glory be ascrib'd
L To Sister Muses, three Times three!
Whose sacred Energy, imbib'd,
Has made a tuneful Bard of me.

II.

See! see! the mighty Charmers fit,
With Instruments of heav'nly Make,
Around the holy Well of Wit,
And, from dull Prose, their Votaries wake!

III.

By them inspir'd, my Soul takes Wing,
And, thro' the Air, triumphant, flies!
How Mortals gape, to hear me sing!
And stare, to see me mount the Skies!

IV.

While Sacrifices, to your Praise
Are offer'd, by my grateful Pen,
Adorn, ye Nine, with verdant Bays,
Your Priest, for Evermore, *Amen.*



T O

Mr. M-----

M— regard what honest MITCHELL says,
No *Hireling* he, no *Prostitute* for Praise!—
With strong, and healthy *Constitution* blest,
Nor *Colds*, nor *Claps*, have yet your Youth distrest.
Bravely successful, now, you hold a Strife
With all the Ills, that pest *gallantish* Life.
Yet be advis'd, to act with cautious Care,
And, timely, for the worst Events prepare,
Diseases steal upon the human Frame,
And, slighted long, like *ÆTNA*, vomit Flame.
Danger is surest, when th' Approach is slow;
Tis best to shun a meditated Blow.

Next,

Next, tho' your *Dress*, extravagantly gay,
Outrivals others, both at Court, and Play,
(A harmless Pleasure, that the gentle Muse
Will ne'er to sprightly Youths, like you, refuse.)
Yet, O, beware of Pride's presumptuous Spring,
Nor rate your Value by so vain a Thing.
What Wisdom dictates but sedately scan,
You'll find, that *Cloaths* ne'er constituted *Man*. Will
Virtue is not, by pompous *Drapery*, shown:
The *Mind*'s the Standard, which makes *Merit* known. Rememb'r
Chiefly, dear Youth, beware of snaring *Gam*. Who f
Nor risque too far thy *Fortune*, and thy *Fame*.
What tho' Success has thy *Adventures* crown'd,
'Tis difficult to stand on *slipp'ry Ground*.
By *Syren* Charms, the wise have oft been snar'd,
Mankind can ne'er be too much on their *Guar*.
And Safety lies in being well prepar'd.

Foresee your Danger with Discernment's Eye,

The Ruin's large, when Mortals fall from high.

'Tis Prudence to secure a certain Store,

And hazard only little Sums, for more.

Better to lose a Trifle, than to run

The Risque of being all, at once, undone,

M—these Truths, tho' cloath'd in simple Rhime,

Will useful prove, if ponder'd well, in Time.

If e'er their Force command your due Regard,

Remember M I T C H E L L was a friendly *Bard*,

Who sought not, but in *Virtue's* self, Reward.



T O

Mr. M-----L.

THO', under Stars auspicious, born,
And best *Brocades* thy Back adorn;
Tho' *Slander* can't thy *Outside* blame,
And *Fortune* favours Thee, in *Game*;
Tho' *Ladies* view Thee with Delight,
And wish Thee with 'em all the Night;
Tho' *Beau's*, at Bottle, and at Play,
Court thy lov'd Presence all the Day:
Yet *Something* still is unpossest,
That might give Sanction to the rest;
That cruel *Something*, not obtain'd,
Eclipses all the Glories gain'd;

For Want of *Fame* is but Disgrace
To Charms of Person, Purse, or Place.

Trust me, gay Youth, the World is vain,
And Life's a Course of Care and Pain;
A Bubble all, that breaks and dies,
Unless the Man immortal rise.

The Brave and Wise, in ev'ry Age,
Have try'd the Goddess to engage;
Ambition, worthy human Minds!
What few, among the many, finds.

But two Ways only *Fame* is won!
By deathless *Verse*, and *Actions* done:
Happy are they, who nobly strive,
To keep themselves, by *Worth*, alive!
Whose *proper* Works, and Virtues, claim
A Title to the Prize of *Fame*!

But

But ah! how rare is native *Worth*?

How seldom are the *Great* brought forth?

O M——— can't thou not succeed,

By some bright, meritorious, Deed,

Find'st thou it hard to grow divine

By any glorious Act of thine?

Then hire a *Bard*, whom Heav'n inspires,

With sacred Raptures, holy Fires;

To *Him* thy *Life*, thy *Fame*, commit;

He'll raise Thee by *immortal Wit*!

Great AGAMEMNON's self had dy'd,

If HOMER had not Death defy'd:

Nor had we heard MECENAS' Name,

Had HORACE not transfer'd his Fame.

'Tis poor to live obscure, unknown,

And die remember'd, prais'd, by none.

Thou easily thy self can't save,

From dull Oblivion, in the Grave.

The Pow'r of Verse may set thee free! —

Others have *Bards* — *Thou* may'st have *Me*.

What tho' I sing Thee not, for Nought?

Is *Immortality* dear bought?

Shall simple Shakeing of the *Dice*

But once, for *me*, be thought high Price?

Does *M* — rate his *Game* so high,

To grudge a *Chance* for such as *I*?

No sure — altho' 'twere but in Jest,

Win *fifty* Pounds for *Me*, at least.

C H A — I dare be bold to swear,

Wou'd hardly judge a *Thousand* dear.

For *Fame*'s a Gem, so rich and rare,

No Cost can earn it every where.

If

If *M*—loves it, speak in Time,—

To *Morrow* I may want my Rhime.

Perhaps too, *Chance* may play the Jade,

And thy *Success* run Retrogade.



V E R S

To His GRACE

F O H N,

Duke of ARGYLE and GREENWICH.

With Verses on Mr. KENNETH CAMPBELL'S
posthumous Money.

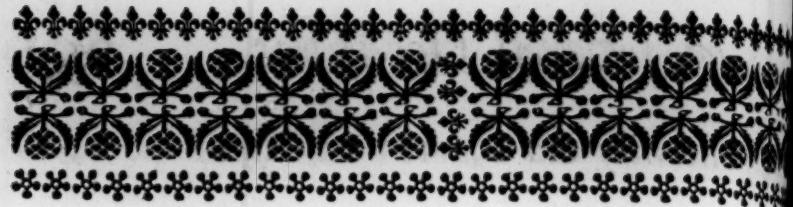
Lustrious CAMPBELL! like thy noble Race,
 Soldier and Statesman, fam'd in *War and Peace!*
 Sprit of publick *Liberty and Law!*
 The good *Man's Refuge, and the Villain's Awe!*
 Arts and Sciences a Master own'd!
 Taste, Politeness, and Address renown'd!
 Standard of *Honour!* Darling of the *Brave!*
 Loved by the *Fair!* The Friend, that *Poets* crave,
 None very Looks their Labours damn or save!

}

Deign to accept the Homage of a *Bard*,
Who never *baserly* truckled for Reward,
Nor, by a *venal Verse*, wou'd buy Regard:
Who, ev'n to *Thee*, a *fordid Song* disdains,
To *Thee!* whose *Name* might sanctify his Strain
Whose gracious Smiles wou'd popular Praise bestow
And make his Mole-hill Fame a Mountain grow
By flatt'ring *Pow'r*, let others earn *Renown*—
Let me deserve it, or remain *unknown*.
Ne'er may my *Muse*, or Fame or Fortune share
Which *Merit* gave her not Pretence to wear.
But, sure, there's *Merit* in an *honest Aim*:
A *just Ambition* makes a *rightful Claim*.
Why then neglected have I lain so long?
Or why so late, to *Thee* address'd my *Song*?
To *Thee*, who (wert thou but my Patron) soon
Cou'd make my *Midnight* brighten into *Noon*.

Anno! Else why did CAMPBELL die so poor;
— But CAMPBELL had no pleading Merit, sure!
Had he *deserv'd*, ARGYLE had fill'd his Fob,
And made a DIVES of the wretched JOB.





VERSES

On Sight of an *Half-Penny*, found
in Mr. KENNETH CAMPBELL
Pocket, after his Death.

The following Inscription was engraved
upon it by a surviving Friend.

“ KENNETHUS CAMPBELL, Scoto-Montanus,
“ Poeta Romanus, celeberrimus; Poetice pauper,
“ sed hilariter, vixit: Tandemque, hoc Obolo,
“ Locuples! ex Londino migravit in Elysium, 28th July
“ Jul. 1721.



NE Half-Penny was CAMPBELL'S

latest Store!

A poor Estate! — but HOMER'S

no more!

On several Occasions. 293

From Town to Town, the old, dark, *Grecian* strold,

And, Piecemeal, first, his Ballad *Iliad* sold.

Dame! Fate of Genius! wond'rous strange—but true!

Rarely to meet, 'till after Death, its Due!

The most deserving, often, suffers most;

For Sterling Worth, on half Mankind, is lost.

Blockheads and Fools were favour'd and admir'd,

When Heav'n-born Bards, in Penury, expir'd.

Let it not, in foreign Lands, be said,

The *British* Poets scarce are blest with Bread.

From *France*, and *Italy*, with-hold the News,

Left Strangers triumph o'er our Taste, and Muse.

Tell not, that *BACON* miserably dy'd!

PENCER was starv'd! and *JOHNSON*'s Art descry'd!

Neglected, and obscure, great *MILTON* lay:

He writ to Moles, who cou'd not gaze his Day!

BUTLER, the Prince of Pleasantry and Wit,
Was damn'd by those, for whom he, zealous,
In a mean Garret he resign'd his Breath,
And was ev'n grudg'd a Burying after Death!
The Church, he serv'd, to Merit, prov'd so
But seldom Church, and Charity, are joyn'd!
OTWAY, in tragic Numbers, match'd by none,
Whose poor MONIMIA never wept alone,
For his own Wants, cou'd never move a Tear,
Like Adders deaf, all stop'd a gracious Ear.
At last, from all the World, he step'd aside,
And, quite discourag'd, in an Ale-House, dy'd
LEE, fir'd with an Enthusiastic Rage,
Was judg'd a Madman, by a madder Age,
That made him beg, from Door to Door, his Bread,
And die, at last, upon the Streets, in Need.

Fam'd WICHERLY, in Satyr's Province great,
Seven Years, in Prison, struggled with his Fate;
While worthless Scriblers flourish'd in the Town,
And, from his Ruins, scrap'd their vile Renown.

DRYDEN—who does not mighty DRYDEN know?
From whom, with Ease, harmonious Numbers flow,
Who both the Language, and the Muse, improv'd,
Whose Reason charm'd the Men! whose Lays the

Virgins lov'd!
By his Cotemporaries was despis'd,
And, oft, to mobbish Rivals sacrific'd.

Never at Ease his Circumstances were:
His poor Estate cou'd scarce his Corps inter.
Yet, on his Funeral, who were not profuse?

Dust they worship'd, when they starv'd his Muse!
Preposterous Piety! to give one Meat,

But not before he is too old to eat!

TATE, honest TATE! in Spite of Virtue, presid
Neglected, liv'd, and dy'd, at length, distres'd.
His being good exeem'd him not from Woe:
Men minded him no more, for being so!

He was found guilty of the common Vice
Of Poetry—Enough to damn him twice!

PHILLIPS, whose Name, while Cyder's drunk,

while

One splendid Shilling's found in *Britain's Isle*,
Shall ever live, with an un-envy'd Praise,
Like his ill-fated Brothers, pin'd away his Days.

It is not strange to see a Poet sad:

Oppression makes the wifest Spirit mad!

To see a Blockhead, or a Fool, in Place,

While, he, in Spite of Merit, meets Disgrace;

What Man of Soul, and conscious of Desert,

Can keep, in Tune, the Passions of his Heart?

But what has been, will evermore be done—
Britons, like Jews, will worship Stock, or Stone,
Or Satan's self— but grudge a just Regard
To GOD Almighty, and his favourite Bard !

Before the Poet is the least admir'd,
Whom Heav'n, with an uncommon Flame, inspir'd.

CAMPBELL ! let others, in the vulgar Cant,
Condemn your Conduct, and deride your Want—
I'll sing your Genius, spite of all Mankind ;
Not wonder why you left no *more* behind,
But how, at Death, *this* Half-Penny remains,
To fraught your Shade to the *Elysian* Plains !

When Tomb-Stones, Monuments, and Pillars, waste,
Your poor, Poetic, Legacy shall laste :
The Muses' Sons, at *Glasgow*'s learned Seat,
Will save the sacred Relict from consuming Fate.

A N

E P I T A P H

O N A

G L U T T O N

HERE lies a Man, who cou'd devour
A Month's Provision, in an Hour,
A Calf, of Pharo's lean-ribb'd Kine,
That swallow'd, at each Bit, a Chine ;
Yet Men thought Famine was his Cafe,
So meagre look'd his harpy Face.

When Meat is dear, and Money rare,
We well his Company might spare ;

As well it was for all Mankind,
In Noah's Ark he ne'er had din'd;
For *clean*, and *unclean*, at a Meal,
Had been, at once, devour'd Wholesale.

Mortals, rejoice, that he's no more—
For had he liv'd but till Threescore,
Great HERCULES had ne'er been able
To clean his vaft *Augean* Stable.

*To an HUMOURIST, who married
a most ugly superannuated Maid.*

— — — — ab *Miser*
Quanta laboras in Charybdi!
Digne Puer meliore Flamma. Hor.

O DS Zookers, honest, gallant, HARRY,
What put it in thy Head to marry?

Or,

Or, if thou could'st not help thy Fate,
Why did'st thou chuse a *monstrous Mate*?
What Man, that wore his Eyes aright,
Wou'd couple with her, in Day Light?
She's such a huddled, ill-made Thing,
Sure, Nature's Pow'rs lay flumbersome,
When she was form'd. Upon my Life,
Thou'st got the *Devil of a Wife*.
Damnation's scarce a greater Curse,
Than *This*, for *better and for worse*.
Nay, be not angry — for no Muse
In Conscience can thy Deed excuse:
And mine, instead of hearty Hailing,
Can hardly be with-held from Railing.
Who ever saw so wide a *Mouth*,
Stretch'd, like the *Poles*, from North to South?

The *Lips* how thin! the *Teeth* how black!

That fallow *Skin*! that Bow-bent *Back*!

These hagged *Eyes*! this tow'ring *Nose*!

Breath, that outvies *Beargarden, pos*!

In *Her*, all Imperfections meet,

And every one outtinks *Fish-street*!

Phy, HARRY, wert thou in thy Senses?

But 'tis in vain to make Defences.

Ha! now, I think, by this Alliance,

Thou bid'st all *Jealousy* Defiance:

And, whilst we *Fools* our Senses please,

Thou cur'st thy *Lust* by a *Disease*.

Others, with little Toil and Care,

Address, and doat upon the Fair:

But Thou, great Hero, durst encounter

In deformity it self, and mount her,

th?

Th

Like

Like brave Saint GEORGE, thou lay'st thy Leg on
The Top of this prodigious *Dragon*;
And boldly break'st, advent'rous Deed!

The Barriers of her *Maiden-Head*.

Now sleep, my Friend, in full Content—

No Man will steal thy Punishment.

'Twou'd be a double Crime to break
Thy *Orchard*, for thy *Fruitage*' Sake.

But, when old Age, or Sicknes, raze
And ruin many a goodly Face;

Thou, to thy Comfort, may'st rejoice,
To see the Wisdom of thy Choice.

As Nought can mend, so Nought by Force,
Can make thy Favourite *Night-Piece* worse.



T O

AARON HILL, Esq;

TO you, great Man, and my distinguish'd
Friend,

Writ of *Zeal* and *Vanity* I send,
From fair EDINA, *Caledonian* Pride !

Where I, a-while, (so help me GOD!) reside.

Stiff, and unlabour'd, as our *Northern* Climes,
You'll find the Genius of your MITCHELL's Rhimes;
Yet rather chose I, to deserve your Frown,
Than not the Debts of generous Favours own.

In vain, the Pow'r of Absence wou'd remove
The fix'd Impressions of obliging Love.

Never,

Never, by *me*, can *Friendship* be forgot:

I challenge *Death* its Memory to blot.

The humane Soul may change its Place, and State,

But *Gratitude* and *Love* on its *Existence* wait.

Yet pardon, Sir, th' Impertinence of Verse,

To such, as you, 'tis Boldness to rehearse

In measur'd Phrase; I own my self too free:

But you have made an *Impudent*, of *Me*.

Your kind Indulgence *braff'd* my *Muse's* Brow:

Your Candour will forgive her Kindness, now.

O cou'd I imitate your lofty Lays,

Abhorrent from the vulgar Flights to Praise!

But who, like HILL, can raife his ev'ry Thought,

And sing, as boldly, as your * GIDEON fought?

High o'er the verſeful Throng, you stand, alone,

Afferting boundleſs Fancy's rightful Throne:

* GIDEON, an Epic Poem by Aaron Hill, Esq;

On several Occasions. 305

Others their soft, their sickly, Numbers boast,

Where all the sacred Energy is lost.

Them Soul-less Readers eagerly admire,

And, with uplifted Eyes, at every Line expire.

Harmonious Sounds supply the Want of Sense,

And Inspiration sinks, in flowing Eloquence !

A different Taste (I thank thee, Heav'n!) is mine;

Let me have Verse, enforc'd by *Heat Divine*.

I love the Lays, that, like a Genius, rise,

And strike the Soul, with Wonder and Surprize;

Where innate Virtues tow'r a MILTON's Flight,

And steer the Work, with MARO's Judgment, right.

Give me the Poet, whose prodigious Thought,

Tho' to the Plainness of Prose-writing brought)

Can still its Godlike Dignity maintain,

And just Applause of true Discernment gain.

But I, no *Critick!* cautious, must forbear,
To publish what may meet *Damnation here.*
Tho' us'd to Freedom, in more *Sunny Climes,*
Here must I padlock my rebellious Rhimes.
'Tis best to stifle all *uncommon Thoughts,*
Where *Elegancies* are arraign'd, as *Faults.*
How wou'd you wonder at my alter'd Case,
Cou'd you behold me walk, with *Spanish Pace,*
Affected Gravity, and *solemn Face?*
In *Coffee-houses*, wage a War with *Wit!*
At *Church*, as formal, as the *Parson*, fit,
With Eyes, new-disciplin'd precisely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the *white* This,
While making Visits, quarrel with the Age!
Lampoon the *Muses*, and the modern *Stage!* * M
Declaim against new-fashion'd *Coats* and *Wigs!* With
And worry all the *Independent Whigs!*

upon several Occasions. 307

Still, thus restrain'd, had I but liv'd, and wrote,
I had, long since, fair *Testimonials* got.
Perhaps, in Honour of my *Dullness*, too,
I had e'en grac'd a *Pulpit-Throne*, ere now:
And, like cogenial *Craftsmen*, learnt the Way,
To enrich my self, and dupe the World astray:
An useful Art, in which the *Priests* excel!
—But * *GORDON* best their *Mysteries* can tell.
Mean while, a *Priest* to *PHOEBUS* and the *Nine*,
My *Stipend* scarce affords inspiring Wine:
So be my *Faults*, whatever *Faults* there be,
Imputed to the *Times*, and not to *me*.)
vblt. This, by the Spirit of my *Verse* you'll gues,
And wonder I shou'd venture on the *Press*.
! But think, my Friend, what's *Heresy* with you,
igs! With us is honest, *Orthodox*, *True-Blue*.

X 2

*Tis

* Mr. T. GORDON, Author of the celebrated Papers, call'd
Independent Whig. Modest Apology for Parson Alberoni, &c.

"Tis Odds, but my *Prosaic* Numbers please;
For Readers *here* love Verses writ with *Ease*.
Mankind (and who can blame them?) relish best
The *Entertainments*, suited to their *Taste*.
Hence our *Trans-Tweedale Poets*, when they print,
(Tho' you shou'd swear you see no Beauty in't,) high
Affect a Sort of Writing, that goes down,
Like sugar'd Plumbs, in this devoted Town.
Thus *CLARK, and KER, write *Palinodes* and *Sonnets*,
Adapted to the Genius of *Blue Bonnets*;
While HAMILTOUN, and PENNYCUICK, compose,
To the same Tune, a Sort of jingling Prose.
Ev'n Poet RAMSAY, in *Parnassus* fam'd,
The *common-Gutherum* of the Muses nam'd!
(Tho' RAMSAY cou'd assert the true *Sublime*),
Intent on Cash, pursues the vulgar Rhime.

* Several Cotemporary Bards, known by their proper Names, &c. &c. Works, in *North-Britain*.

Two'd break his Stock, o'er *common Vogue* to rise!

Above our Hemisphere there's nought but hungry
Skies.

How great the Curse, if such, alone, shou'd stand
The modern Clasicks of my native Land?

higher Spirit did our Country boast,—
But ah! the antient Energy how lost!

DOUGLAS, BUCHANAN, DRUMMOND, and the rest,
Fame immortal! different Sense express'd.

Heav'ns! what Ideas fill'd each mighty Mind!

Their Works appear'd the Mirrour of Mankind!
Nor judg'd the Readers worse than Poets writ:

They ne'er paid Money, but for Sterling Wit.

When Giants liv'd! — but stop, my pious Muse;
And you, my Friend, my melting Grief excuse.

Then SCOTIA was a Kingdom, fam'd! and free!
Names such Subject then his native Prince might see!

Kings, in Succession, grac'd the ancient Throne!

Nor sought, nor envy'd Nations, not their own!

Beneath their Influence, Arts and Arms cou'd live,

And every Thing, but modern Vices, thrive.

The *Roman* Eloquence they Captive made,

And dar'd their conquering Pow'rs our Glory to invade

But ah! how fain! How low our Honours lie!

— Yet pass we this severe Reflection by,

And hail the Sister-Lands! O may they prove

Rivals in Virtue, Loyalty, and Love;

By GEORGE's Wisdom, and resistless Might,

Abroad still conquer, and at Home unite.

Yet judge aright, nor misconstrue my Sense:

We want not Spirits, bold in Wit's Defence;

Men of just Taste, and Elegance refin'd,

Whose Names adorn the Arts, that most adorn

Mind,

King

Long may such Patrons grace our antient Isle !
Ne'er may we want a STAIR, and an ARGYLE !

The MAILLANDS, by *Hereditary Right*,

Are fix'd the *Muses' Glory and Delight*,

Since LAUDERDALE, from MARO, snatch'd the Bays,

And, on his Name, entail'd a more than mortal

Praife.

Arts rise and fall, like other transient States :

Both they, and we, are govern'd by the Fates.

Perhaps, tho' now, the popular Taste is low,

And here and there our noble Spirits glow ;

The Youth, with Godlike Majesty avow'd,

Will break, effulgent, from the common Cloud.

Already, some, disdaining servile Ways,

Begin to shew their Rapture in their Lays.

May they improve, with happier Skill, to sing

Sublimest Notes, and strike the boldest String.

'Twere vain for me, by *Fools* and *Priests*, purſ'd,

To hope Success, where I'm not understood.

'Twou'd vex me too, to see a *Blockhead's* Name,

Diftinguish'd with the Patrons of my Fame.

May none, ye *Pow'rs*, but Men of *Taste*, incline,

To stand *Subscribers* to a Work of mine;

A *Select List* wou'd be, indeed, my Pride!

A *Mob* is ever on the blundering Side!

When ſhall I next AUGUSTA's Courts admire?

When re-assume my long-neglected Lyre?

O how I long, amid the tuneful Train,

To grasp the Glories of a raptur'd Strain!

With You and DENNIS, POPE and CONGREVE,

And ſhine, renoun'd, in ev'ry Kind of Wit:

With grateful Tafe, enjoy the Hours of Tea,

In CLIO and MIRANDA's Company:

And, when I'm bleſt with more compleat Delight,
Retire with fair OPHELIA, all the Night;
In her soft Arms, forget the Woes of Life,
And rise to Heav'n—for there's a Heav'n in Wife.

Time flies apace—mean while, my gen'rous Friend,
My Love to all our old Concerns commend.
Malfour and *Bowman* share, with you, my Heart:
Tis spoke, by Nature, that takes Place of Art,
A hasty Letter has no Need of Dress,
God b'ye, Sir—now, Boy, bespeak the Press.

T O

Sir RICHARD STEEL.

A BAR D, who ne'er his Fortune wish'd to
raife,
Servile Bows, and mercenary Praife;
Who,

Who, but to Merit, never bent a Knee,
Unheping, sends his Mite of Praise to *Thee*,
To *Thee*, whose Approbation is Reward!

Whose Favour wou'd procure his Muse Regard!

Born, where the Sway imperious Kirk-Craft bears,
And where a Muse scarce, in an Age, appears,
To *Gospel*-Notes were tun'd my early Years.

The Sage, my Sire, design'd me for a *Priest*,
And I was forc'd, to carry on the *Jest*.

Twice twelve Months spent I, in *scholastic* Grace,
Studied the *Sounds*, and learn'd the queer *Grimace*,

Full orthodox my *Principles* were deem'd;
And what more blameless, than my *Practice*, seem'd
Against my Life the Kirk had no Complaint,

And I, my self, believ'd my self a *Saint*.

So much I por'd, so serious was my Look,
I cheated *others*, and my self mistook.

'Tis strange how Books, and Company, conspire,

To change the very Bent of one's Desire,

My inbred Genius Conversation dull'd,

And Nature's Purpose, in my Make, was null'd,

By Custom's Influence, from a sprightly Wit,

funk below the Zenith of a *Cit.*

And, had I not, with fond Ambition fir'd,

Travel'd to see what blindly I admir'd,

All at EDINA, with religious Qualms,

Texts had snivel'd, and Sol-fa-a'd the Psalms,

in that wild Season, when Mankind gave Scope

To Madness, in Adventures big with Hope!

When Store, long treasur'd, or improv'd in Trade,

The Lottery of Avarice was made!

Just as Delusion reach'd the utmost Height,

came, in Time, to mark the Publick Bite.

I saw,

I saw, and suffer'd, in the common Fate —

— But vain is Sorrow, and Relief is late!

Desp'rate, I herded with the tuneful Throng,

That grace the fair AUGUSTA with their Song:

By them infected, with *Poetick Itch*,

I further stray'd from Roads of being rich.

Long have I Payment stopt; and some complain,

That I'm ne'er like to open Purse again.

I summon all the *Muses* to my Aid;

The *Muses* fly, as if they were afraid.

No generous *Patrons* weigh my claimant Case;

They *promise*, but ne'er put me in a *Place*!

Dismal Condition! O why did I quit

The *Kirk*, in Hopes of rising by my *Wit*?

How better 'twere, to beat a *Pulpit Throne*,

Than mount PARNASSUS' Top, and be undone!

Hence

Hence, Syren Sisters; hence, thou God of Verse—
No more entice, nor aid me, to rehearſe.

Money and Credit, Place, or Penſion, now,
Is all the Shrine to which I humbly bow.
Help me to these, and, with my latest Pow'rs,
I'll sing your Praise, and show how much I'm yours.

And Thou, O STEEL, who want'st not WAL-
POL E's Ear,

An honest Poet's rude Petition hear;
Hear, and forgive — for 'tis a crying Crime
To dun your Nature with uncourtly Rhime —
And, if a lucky Minute chance to rise,
Seize it for me, and give me sweet Surprize.

Twill cost you but a Word, to send me North,
Inspect Tobacco, Brandy — and so forth.

B18

POEMS

A

POETICAL DREAM.

Address'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN EARL OF STAIR

LA TE, wand'ring lonely, pensive, and distressed,
By winding THAMES, I laid me down to rest.

But mimick *Fancy* kept awake my Grief,
Till STAIR's lov'd Image rose to my Relief.

Methought, in mournful, melancholy, Strain,
As thus my *Muse* express'd my inward Pain,
The God of *Wit*, presented fair in View,
Thus sooth'd my Soul, and pointed me to *You*.

Vouchsafe, my *Lord*, with Candour to regard
The Scene betwixt APOLLO and your *Bard*.
First I, complaining — “ O my luckless Fate!
Why am I, PHOEBUS, doom’d to such a State?
Why is your *Votary*, why your faithful Son
Neglect’d, scorn’d, deluded, and undone?
Was it for *This* I gave my self betimes
To *classick* Studies, and to *Syren Rhimes*?
For *This*, did I devote my Youth to *Wit*?
For *This*, my Hopes of *Kirk-Preferment* quit?
Have I, perfidious to the sacred *Nine*,
Profan’d their *Temples* and their Fire divine?
Have I, in *Verse*, a Poetaster prov’d?
Deserve I not, alas! to be belov’d?
Hard Fate! that *Fidlers* and *Buffoons* find Place,
When *Bards* inspir’d implore, in vain, for Grace!

“ Unequal

“ Unequal Fortune! bounteous to impart
“ Her Gifts to *Fools*, and starve the Sons of *Art*
APOLLO, smiling, gently made Reply —
“ Thy Plaints, dear Youth, have often reach'd our Sk
“ But check Despair — Thy various Sufferings pa
“ The *Fates* decree deserv'd Success, at last.
“ *Fortune* and *Merit*, grown familiar Friends,
“ Will sure, tho' slowly, make a rich Amends
Then I rejoin'd — “ How oft have I believ'd,
“ And been, by flatt'ring Promises, deceiv'd;
“ How vain my Hopes? How impotent my Pray'r
“ How fleet my Joys? How constant prove my Care
“ Alas! I fear, your Godhead mocks my Case,
“ Or hath not Pow'r to lift me to a *Place*.
“ PARNASSUS' Soil is barren, and the Streams
“ Of *Helicon* appear delusive Dreams.

On several Occasions. 321

" Too peevish grown — reply'd the God of Verse —
" Thou lov'st, I find, to hear thy self rehearse.
" Indulge thy Spleen — what Profit will it bring ?
Can Railing, or Rebellion move a King ?
Rather, like *Horace*, humorously gay,
Rise to Preferment in a pleasant Way.
Caress the *Great*, and gain upon their Grâce,
Laugh at their Faults, and look them in the Face.
Or, like a Changeling, ape the veering Wind,
Unsing thy Songs, and bubble all Mankind.
Be bold in Lies, no supple Flattery spare,
And *Fortune's* Boons may sooner fall thy Share.
" Perish her Boons — I angrily reply'd —
Perish my *Muse*, ere venal Means be try'd.
Let other *Poets* prostitute their Lays ;
On vile Foundations, I'll not build my Praise.

“ Ne'er will I sing at *Virtue's* sad Expence,

“ Nor make *Wit* war with *Honesty* and *Sense*.

“ Be *Honour* always my peculiar Guard.

“ Who forfeits *Honour*, merits no Reward.

“ Too stoically nice, APOLLO said —

“ It seems, thou scorn'st to make my *Art* thy *Trade*

“ My *Trade*! — I answer'd — Yields it any Gain?

“ Does it enrich? Or can it Life sustain?

“ SPENCER it starv'd! nor far'd great MILTON well

“ JOHNSON it fowr'd! and BUTLER's Case was Hell

“ Were DRYDEN, OTWAY, LEE, and OLDHAM blest

“ Were ROW, and SMITH, and PHILLIPS, e'er at Rest?

“ Say, did your Art alone, make PRIOR great?

“ From it, deriv'd sweet ADDISON his State?

“ By it, was CONGREVE sav'd from Poet's Fate?

“ In you, did STEPNEY his Advancement find?

“ Had POPE no Patrimony, but his Mind?

“ Gen

" Genius, without a pow'rful Friend, might die ! "

" 'Tis lucky *Chance* that lifts a Mortal high. *and I* "

" Severe in Virtue! still I am thy Friend, "

" And now — said PHOEBUS — my Advice attend; "

" So shalt thou *Honour*, to thy Death maintain, "

" Nor rob the World of thy *Poetick Vein*. *and II* "

" Look out a *Patron*, worthy all thy Praise; *and III* "

" One, who can *relish*, and *reward* thy Lays; *and IV* "

" Who *human-Kind*, as well as *Books*, has read; "

" A generous *Heart*, and a judicious *Head*; *and V* "

" Who knows thy Excellence, and will forgive *A* "

" Small *Faults*, for *Beauties*, that deserve to live. "

" Be sure, the Man by innate *Worth* be great, *and H* "

" Nor less distinguish'd by his *Deeds*, than *State*. "

" One, who his *King* and *Country* long has serv'd;

" Amid *Temptations*, ne'er from *Honour* swerv'd; *A*

“ And who so far transcends your highest Strain,
“ That all Essays, to flatter him, were vain.
“ Alas! — said I — Intent on publick Good,
“ STAIR will not heed me in the humble Crowd,
“ Courage—quoth PHOEBUS—He deserves thy Trust,
“ If what thou seek’st be moderate and just.
“ In *Him*, thou’lt find a *Patron* to thy Mind,
“ Great, without *Pride*! without dissembling, Kind!
“ No low-designing, fickle, treacherous, Lord!
“ But *mindful* of his *Friend*, and faithful to his *Word*!
“ Attempt his *Favour*, for his *Int’rest* sue,
“ They’re never grudg’d, whose *Merit* makes them [due]
“ He’ll smile Distinction on thy honest Lays,
“ Help thee to *Place*, and eternize thy Praise.
Raptur’d, I wak’d, and dwelt upon my *Dream*,
And from that Hour, your *Lordship* was my Theme.

on several Occasions.

325

To You, my Service and my Pray'rs belong,

You are the Favourite *Hero* of my Song.

O may you make your MITCHELL's Case your Care!

And Heav'n's selectest Blessings crown the generous

STAIR!

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN Earl of STAIR,

B E F O R E T H E

ELECTION of Sixteen Peers for
Scotland, Anno Dom. 1722.

THE Bard, who boasts Devotion to your
Name,

Theme and sung the good * Sir DAVID's deathless Fame,

Y 3

Pre-

* Sir David Dalrymple, Bart.

Presumes again to interrupt your Thoughts,
With humble Sense, and unharmonious Notes.

Shou'd STAIR, regardless of a wretched Muse,
His kind Protection to my Verse refuse,
What generous Peer, of *Caledonian* Blood,
Or will, or can do MITCHELL's Genius Good?
Others may boast a showy Pow'r, and State—
But who, like STAIR, at once is *good* and *great*?
Be *This* your Glory still—nor scorn his Lays,
Who scorns to prove a Prostitute, for Praife.
Tho' long I've wander'd fickle Fortune's Sport,
By *Priests* pursu'd, unheeded by the *Court*,
Souls, of your Stamp, can pity and protect,
And gather Fame from other Men's Neglect,
So *Fools*, sometimes, unpolish'd Gems despise,
Whose Value, known, distinguishes the *wife*.

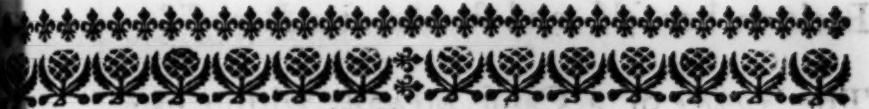
Permit, my *Lord*, a *Poet* to express
Some natural Pride, in midst of his Distress.
I own, no Face of Fortune can controul
The stated Virtue of my noble Soul.
I'd rather bear the Insults of the *Base*,
And still prefer PARNASSUS to a *Place*,
Than *cringe* and *buckle* to my Mind's Disgrace.
Yet I can stoop, where *Honour* gives me Leave,
And thank the Hand, that brings me wish'd Reprieve:
Nor wou'd I, if I cou'd do better, fit
At Home, a lazy Liver on my Wit.
But till, ah fruitless Hope! some friendly Pow'r,
For future Life, lays my Foundation sure,
In Spite of *me*, this damn'd, *poetic*, Itch
Will marr my lucky Fortune to be rich!
Now, to EDINA ev'ry *Clan* repairs,
To chuse Directors of our *Scots'* Affairs.

My Hearr attends 'em — but the wanted Pelf
Arrests my *Muse*, a poor, abandon'd Elf!
Here I must sigh each Summer Night away,
And hide from hunting Catchpoles all the Day.

O tell it not in GATH, that sixteen Peers
Had but one Bard, and left him all in Tears.
The PHILISTINES will triumph at the News,
And mock, at once, the Patrons, and the *Muse*.
'Twere nobler far, before th' Elections come,
To frank your honest Poet MITCHELL Home.



MITCHELL



MITCHELL, *Solus*,

Sitting in a thoughtful Posture: In his Hand, his Taylor's Bill, with an expostulatory Letter: Pen, Ink, and Paper, on the Table by him.

In Imitation of Cato's Soliloquy,

A N D

Humbly Inscribed to the Rt. Honourable

JOHN *Earl of STAIR,*

Anno Dom. 1724.

T must be so — *Taylor*, thou reason'st well! —

Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,

This earnest Longing, to discharge thy *Bill*?

whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,

of

Of an *Arrest*? Why shrinks the conscious Soul
Back on her self, and startles at a *Bayliff*?
The *Justice* of a Cause prevails within us;
'Tis *Honesty* that points out better Days,
And intimates ev'n *Money* to a *Bard*!
Money! thou pleasing, anxious, dreadful Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Life,
Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded Prospect lies before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If a *Mæcenas* be,
(And That there is, Fame publishes abroad
Thro' British Realms) he must delight in Goodness;
And That which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or who? — at present I'm in Need,
And dun'd for Debt — but This must bring Relief.
(*Taking his Pen in his Hand*)

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My Pain or Pleasure,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me.
This in a Moment clasps me in a Goal;
But That informs me I shall yet be rich.
The Muse, secur'd by Inspiration, smiles
at sight of Catchpoles, and defys a Writ.
Nobles may perish, and the King himself
submit to Fate, the very Realm be ruin'd;
But Bards shall flourish in immortal Youth,
In hurt amidst the Whig and Tory Broils,
Our civil Fury, and our foreign Wars.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This Lethargy that creeps thro' all my Senses?
Nature, oppres'd and harraff'd out with Care,
Banks down to Dulness.— Let me drink a Bottle,
That my awaken'd Muse may wing her Flight,
Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with Life,

An

An Off'ring fit for STAIR. Let Guilt or Fear
Disturb Man's Rest: *Mitchell* knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his Choice to live or die,
If he, great Lord! vouchsafe me not his Favour.



To the Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of STAIR,

I 7 2 4.

WHAT tho' my Dividend of Wit
For *Preaching* made me seem unfit,
When, 'midst an Herd of *Levites* muddy,
Creeds and *Confessions* were my Study?
Shall Works of mine prove out of Season
With *Laymen*, for the *Clergy's* Reason?

Does Verse unqualify my Mind

For Offices of every Kind?

Must I despair to get a Place?

Lookers, my Lord, 'tis an hard Case !

But tho' the World shou'd all agree,

Saying, there's no Worth in *Me*;

Dare be bold to own to you,

I never think the Saying true :

I Ruler, while so many Fools I spy,

Then I believe there's none but I.

Then, first, my *Lord*, my Pride forgive,

And, next, e'en help me how to live.



T H E



How
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feel I am reg'd of time, the
and

T H E

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Earl of STAIR,*

1726.

O Britain's Boast, and Glory of our Times! but 'tis
Belov'd at Home! Renown'd in foreign Climes! why
Thou *Courtier*, *Hero*, *Patriot*, ever dear!
The *Muses' Friend*! to me, the kindest *Peer*!
My first, great *Patron*! and the only *Lord*,
Who ne'er to *Mitchell* meanly broke his Word!
How shall a grateful *Bard* his Debt discharge?
So poor his Stock, and his Arrears so large!

How shall my *Muse*, my Heart's Resentment sing ?
What due Return for heaps of Favours bring ?
Can Verse of mine, can Life it self, suffice
To pay my Duty, and unloose my Ties ?
No ! thou hast found the Secret to controul
The Whole of *Mitchell*; thou hast bound his Soul !
Delightful Thraldom ! such a Slave to be,
Happiness ; 'tis more than being free !
Then, speak, my *Lord*; command me as thy own —
But 'tis too much ; the Service were Renown !
Thy ev'ry Smile wou'd animate my Lays,
And Fame immortal issue from thy Praise.
Yet is it so ? am I indeed belov'd ?
Have I, O STAIR, thy favourite Poet prov'd ?
Whence this to me ? why shou'dst thou condescend
To read, to praise, to cherish, and defend,

My

My humble *Muse*? have I deserv'd thy Grace?
And do'st thou stoop to lift thy *Bard* to *Place*?
Yes, envious *Fellow-Poets* I am blest;
Fret, rail, and rage, ye *Criticks*, at my Rest.
S T A I R is my *Patron*; nor disdains to own,
That *raising me* impairs not his *Renown*.
Without Foundation wou'd he build my Fame?
No: from this Hour, I'll vindicate my Claim,
I'll dare to think there's Merit in my *Muse*,
Defy your Censure, and exalt my Views.
By **S T A I R** indulg'd and introduc'd, I see
The *Fair* and *Brave* already Friends to me.
They frankly join to Patronize my Lays,
Reward my Toil, and prompt me on to Praise.
O cou'd I, grateful, in exalted Verse,
Proclaim his Virtues, and his Deeds rehearse!

No boasted *Greek*, or *Roman*, Name shou'd shine,
And be esteem'd more glorious and divine.

No borrow'd Praise, no *Common-Place* Renown,
Shou'd mix his Godlike Character to crown:
But native Merit the great Basis prove,
And just Encomiums Men's Devotion move.





To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Earl of STAIR,*

On the DEATH of

The Right Honourable

Sir David Dalrymple, Baronet,

His MAJESTY's Advocate for North Britain.

*Quis Desiderio sit Pudor aut modus
Tam chari Capitis? — H O R.*

A Bard, whom no contending Party sways,
Who never *Worth*, by *Wealth*, or *Title*, weighs
Untaught to flatter, and unbrib'd by Gain,
To you, my Lord, directs his doleful Strain:

A Strain

A Strain; that makes a Kingdom's Sorrow known,
Inspir'd by generous Suffering, like your own.
Uncommon Losses claim uncommon Woe,
Which vulgar Numbers cannot justly show.
A Patriot's Death, and *such* a Patriot too,
When wanted *most*, and Patriots are so *few*,
Demands our *Tears*; and, on the hallow'd Hearse,
A HILL, or POPE, shou'd strow immortal Verse.
They, powerful *Genii*! equal to the Theme,
Cou'd sing his Soul, and weep themselves to Fame.
I, but a nameless Novice! humbly pay
My zealous Duty to distinguish'd Clay:
Happy, if I can Nature's Dictates trace,
Without the servile Aids of *common Place*.
Art looks affected in our mournful Songs,
And borrow'd Pomp a pious Offering wrongs.

But what, my Lord, can Art and Nature do,
To match the Sorrow, that has feiz'd on you ?
A Sorrow, that is shar'd by all the Good,
Howe'er disjoin'd by different Rights of Blood !
Honour and Virtue feel your weighty Woe,
And reel beneath the all-afflicting Blow.
What Lover of his Country can forbear,
In spite of Faction, to be mourner here ?
DALRYMPLE, scorning specious Tricks of Art,
Rever'd his Country, with an honest Heart.
Unwearied, wou'd his generous Soul essay,
To help benighted Merit into Day.
He judg'd no Task, within his Province, hard ;
And reap'd, in Goodness, its refin'd Reward.
How frank ! how kind ! how generous ! how just !
His Conduct was ? — how faithful to his Trust ?

on several Occasions. 341

How learn'd in Laws? how eloquent? how wise?

Who lives, yet knows not, under *British* Skies?

O, where shall sacred, social Virtues find

Their Charms united, in another Mind?

When shall we one, so well accomplish'd, see

So humble, modest, complaisant, and free.

Together all his various Merits throw,

And let Mankind his perfect Equal show.

How was his Exit to his Life ally'd?

" I go, my Friends (and, as he said, he dy'd)

" Take my best Wishes, and believe my Love

" Shall never lessen, at the Courts above.

" There, if my Interest for you can avail,

" My Nature will not let my Labours fail.

O happy Shade! O Realms of Glory gone!

Enjoy the Rest your Course of Virtue won.

No civil Discord, no inglorious Art,
Shall ever *there* molest your ravish'd Heart,
Secure your Treasure, and confirm'd your Claim,
Immortal be your Happiness and Fame:
While we, condemn'd to drudge it here below,
By Want of You, your Value clearly know.

What art thou, Life, whose longer Stay we count?
Since Man, at best, is fickle Fortune's Sport.
Why should we wish a larger Stock of Breath?
Since Nature's Self implores Relief from Death.
Is it not better, to elude, by Flight,
The Ills to come, conceal'd from humane Sight?
Fate wisely treasures a Reserve of Woe
For those, who further, than their Line, wou'd go.
DALRYMPLE, like a wise, instructed, Guest,
Enjoy'd his Portion, and forsook the Feast.

When Man has got his Share of worldly Sweets,
Too soon he cannot leave unsavoury Meats.
But we, weak Mortals! by our Passions sway'd,
Mourn o'er the Dead, and are of Death afraid.
Begging for Life, we sue for more Decay,
And dread to lose what daily dies away.
Deluded Creatures! why so griev'd, to see
Our Friends, from sad Confinement here, set free?
When Death comes calm, by gentle Nature led,
Shou'd we not, joyful, croud around the Bed,
And wonder more, no envious Fate destroy'd
The lov'd, the loving, Objects, in their Pride?
Surprizing Strokes may seem, perhaps, severe—
So dy'd *Belhaven*, the Young, the Brave, the Dear:
Belhaven, the Grief, who lately was the Grace,
Of all his noble, now dejected, Race!

For ever lost — but ever to remain

Alive in Hearts, and in the Poet's Strain.

He funk untimely, as the beauteous Rose

Is dash'd to Pieces, when a Tempest grows.

Not so DALRYMPLE, who serenely fell,

And, tir'd with Life, bid this vain World *farewell*.

He drop'd, like *Autumn-fruit*, that mellow'd long,

Prepar'd, to join the Just, cogenial, Throng.

Yet suits it well Mortality to mourn,

For our own Loss, and strow the Patriot's Urn.

Nor is it Rudeness for the friendly Muse,

To moralize Affliction into Use.

Alike concerns it *great*, and *small*, to scan

The frail Estate, and future Hope, of Man.

Noble and Base are destin'd both to die.

In vain we wou'd impartial Justice fly.

No Pray'r, no Bribe, no Shew of Life, can charm
The whirling Year, and Death's tremendous Arm.

Permit, my Lord, Imagination's Flight,
And view, with me, the dreary Shades of Night,
Peruse the Dust, so lately like our own,
As much alive, and worthy fair Renown.

Observe how once-distinguish'd Names are join'd!
Where, now, is Grandeur? where a wond'rous Mind?

Which is the Noble? who shou'd be rever'd?
What Villain spurn'd at? and what Hero fear'd?
How low, proud Conquerors, are your Trophies laid?
How equal, now, are Kings and Subjects made?

Diogenes, thy Treasure is not scant:
What more does mighty *Alexander* want?
Where are thy Pinions, thou, who, late, did'st fly
From Orb to Orb? an Inmate of the Sky!

Do Roses flourish on *Hellenā's Breast?*

Democritus, appears the Grave a Jest?

Hear'st thou, O *Maro,* when we read thy Lays,

Do *Homer's Atoms* listen to his Praise?

Frail Life! how soon thy shewy Pride is past!

Too cruel Death! that makes such dreadful Waste!

Be taught, my Soul, with an assiduous Strife,
To manage well th' important Hours of Life.

With solemn Awe, the Ways of Truth revere,

And all thou do'st, by Wisdom's Dictates, steer.

So shall not Death, with an unfriendly Frown,
Inglorious, throw thy ruin'd Cottage down:

But, smiling, lead thee thro' the dubious Way,

And leave thee raptur'd in immortal Day.

So sings the Muse, by pious Fancy warm'd;

But, ah! How weakly is the Conduct arm'd?

We think, resolve, and make Essays to live;

Yet faster in the devious Courses drive.

Reason exerts her pure, celestial, Rays,

To guide our Steps thro' Errors weary Maze:

But upstart Passions mount her rightful Throne,

And blindly push our vanquish'd Judgment on.

Hence we, perversely, wander, in the Night,

Uncertain, when the Road, we take, is right,

O Nature! why so indolent in Good?

Too tempting Ills! by Passions fast pursu'd.

Happy the Man, most happy in the End!

To others useful, to himself a Friend,

Who, steel'd by Virtue, baffles ev'ry Vice,

And rates his Honour, at the highest Price:

In all Events of Fortune, stands serene,

Unshock'd by Danger, and unsowr'd by Spleen;

Views Want, Disease, and Death, without Dismay,

Well pleas'd, each Eve, he has not lost the Day.

Him no vain Hopes attract, no Fears oppres,

He's great in Loss, and humble in Succes:

Amidst the Snares of Courts, is ne'er enthal'd,

Nor, by Reflection, in his Pleasures pall'd:

Grey in Experience, he despises Guile,

Knows a false Cringe, and undermining Smile:

By others' Ruin, certain Safety gains,

And stands, prepar'd, to shift the transient Scenes:

Such was DALRYMPLE, (ever be his Name

Mourn'd by the Muse, and fair in future Fame)

And such, my Lord, your Character confess'd,

Is lov'd by all, of all your *Self* the best.

Did you not too, too modestly refuse

The just Encomiums of the wondering Muse;

And cou'd I, equal to the glorious Theme,
By praising you, deserve a deathless Name ;
No *British* Patriot sooner wou'd I sing,
Nor, from feign'd Worth, my Inspiration bring.
Your proper Merit shou'd adorn my Verse,
And Envy own the Virtues I rehearse.
But Souls, like STAIR, by some unlucky Fate,
Receive the Honours, they deserve, too late.
A thousand Years, successive, were expir'd,
Ere Maro's Muse Æneas' Acts inspir'd :
And Trojan Tow'rs, in Ashes, long had lain,
Ere Homer's Verse immortaliz'd the Slain.

NB. This POEM shou'd have follow'd immediately after the POETICAL
REAM.



*An ANACREONTIQUE*

To the Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of STAIR:*Occasion'd by a View of his Lordship's Wardrobe
Sunning before their Majesties Coronation, 1727.*

Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia. Hor.

HAVE I been the special Care
Of my noble Patron STAIR?

Is, by him, my Muse approv'd?

Are my various Lays belov'd?

Humbly then I'll make a Leg,

And a Favour freely beg.

But 'tis not (tho' *Cash* is scant)

lace or *Pension*, that I want —

WALPOLE (when it shall him please)

Will prefer his *Bard* to these.

Neither seek I *Meat* or *Drink*,

Parchment, Paper, Pen, or Ink —

These (or else the *Devil's* in't)

May be earn'd by what I print.)

But the Boon, I beg of STAIR,

Equipment debonair,

From his *Wardrobe*, rich and gay,

or the *Coronation-Day*.

Pity *Robes*, so fine, shou'd lie,

Like a *Talent*, hid — when I,

Worthy *Poet*, want a *Sute*

With some *showy Tinsel* to't,

In the loyal Crowd to strut,

And a courtly Figure cut !

What tho' *Gazers* then shou'd say,

" Lord ! how *Mitchell* looks to-Day !

" Sure, *Dependence* now is past !

" Or old † *Madam's* dead at last !

Let 'em wonder, carp, and grin —

Only those shou'd laugh, who win.

Mitchell will not care a Fig,

(So he, like a Lord, looks big)

Tho' the Rascal-Rabble swears,

That 'tis * *COLLIER*'s Coat he wears ;

Or he'as hir'd, from *Monmouth-street*,

Birth-Day Cloaths, and made them meet.

Yet the *Sute* must something lack,

Ere 'tis fitted for my Back !

† A Lady who dy'd since this Poem was written.

* A Gentleman remarkable for fine Cloaths.

Ah! how alter'd it must be,
Ere it can appear on *Me*!
Turning's not the least Disgrace!
'Tis the *Star* must lose its Place!
Pity *that* no more must shine,
Nor the *Ribband green* be mine.

When, O when, shall worthy *Bards*
Meet with *Honours* for Rewards ?
When be mark'd, for fair Renown,
By some *Order* of their own ?
Why is no *Distinction* giv'n
To the *Favourite Sons of Heav'n* ?
How 'twou'd glorify our Race,
And his *Coronation* grace,
Shou'd the second **G E O R G E** think fit
To create a Crown for *Wit*,

A a City of ~~Wisconsin~~ Ensigns

Ensigns of an Order new!

Neither red, nor green, nor blue!

But of *Rainbow's* various Hue!

And select, from tuneful Herd,

Poets nine to be prefer'd!

With a *Laureat*, Heav'n-ally'd,

In their *Chapters* to preside!

Like *Apollo*, Laurel-crown'd,

And the *Muses* all around!

With what Majesty and State,

How superior, greatly great,

Wou'd stern *Dennis* then appear,

With his *Ribband* and his *Star*?

Lord! how *Young* and *Gay* wou'd strut?

What a Figure *Hill* wou'd cut?

Little *Pope* improve his Size

Inches nearer to the Skies?

Phillips Namby Pamby quit,

And aspire to *Epic Wit*?

Welford, like the Frog, full-blown,

Swell and burst with his Renown?

Rivers' luckless Son wou'd then

Think himself the *King of Men*!

And the Laureat Eusden look

Like a gilded Folio-Book!

I (who *Knight of Bath* shou'd be)

Wou'd be glad my self to see

In Poetick Council sit,

With the *Ornaments of Wit* —

Glory greater than the *Bays*,

Empty Breath and dying Praise!

Nor, were this rare *Order* made,

Shou'd our *Art* be deem'd a *Trade*,

Mercenary, vile and mean —

Lords and Squires wou'd then be seen

Of the *Tribe*, and proud to claim

Places with the *Knights of Fame* !

Hallifaxes wou'd arise,

And new *Dorset's* bless our Eyes !

Boyle's and *Buckingham's* divine

At our sacred *Sessions* shine !

Lawderdale's and *Lansdown's* yet

Seize their rightful Palm of Wit !

Chesterfield his *Kindred* own,

And partake of our Renown !

Dodington our Ensigns wear !

Wharton at our Board appear !

And Sir *William Y—* wou'd part

With his *Red* with all his Heart,

And run deeper still in Debt,
So he cou'd the *Rainbow* get !
This no Fancy of the Brain,
No *Chimera* wild and vain,
Shou'd his *Majesty* proclaim —
“ Honour'd be the Sons of Fame ;
“ *Thus it shall be done to those,*
“ *Who transcend terrestrial Prospe!*
What new Glory wou'd it bring
To the *Muses* and the *King*,
Were this noble *Order* fixt
For the *Coronation* next !
But whate'er the Fates decree,
Generous *Patron*, think of *me* ;
Let, O let not *Mitchell* pass,
In the Crowd, so like an *Ass*,

With Apparel course and plain ;
While your *Wardrobe* does contain
Three-times Thirty Sutes, so fit
For the Dignity of *Wit*.

Or, at once to crown my Pray'r,
Shou'd I, by Decree of STAIR,
Master of the Robes but be —
Rule the Roast who will, for me !

Horace, by Mæcenas grac'd,
And with *Lyrick Poets* plac'd,
Reach'd not nearer lofty Skies,
Than my raptur'd *Self* shou'd rise !

Sublimi feriam Sidera vertice.



T O

Dr. ARBUTHNOT,

On Occasion of the Indisposition of

JOHN Earl of STAIR,

1726.

IS Stair, the *Patriot* and the *Patron*, ill?

Where then, *Arbuthnot*, is thy *saving Skill*?

Say, thou great *Aesculapius* of our Isle,

On whom *Apollo*, and the *Muses* smile,

Is the dire Cause of this *Disease* unknown?

Or, for thy *Art*, too high and mighty grown?

Impossible! thy *Recipes* excel,

And thou hast studied *Constitutions* well.

Twice to thy Hand *Britannia* look'd for Aid,
When *ANNA's* Illness made her Sons afraid ;
And twice thy Hand the *Tyrant's* Rage o'ercame,
Preserv'd the *Queen*, and won immortal *Fame*.
— But, ah ! renown'd *Physician*, shall *Disease*
Not, by thy Means, on this Occasion, cease ?
Stair is the *Patient* ! *Stair*, our noble *Chief* !
In Peace, or War, the Nation's sure Relief !
Shall *He* feel *Pain*, at this *important Time* ?
He suffer, for some mighty *publick Crime* ?
How will the News confound our good *Allies* ?
How animate our daring *Enemies* ?
Rather, *Britannia*, be whole *Legions* lost :
Let *Gibraltar* become the *Spanish Boast*.
Hero and *Courtier*, most accomplish'd, *He* !
The best great *Man*, and *all in all*, to *Me* !

O cou'd my *Pain* relieve my tortur'd *Lord* ! half wch

O cou'd my *Blood*, to *Him*, found *Health* afford ! —

— But vain the Wish. What pious Pray'rs can save ? T

The greatest *Mortal* from the gapeing *Grave* ? indot

Yet, shou'd *He* yield to all-devouring *Death*, bna

What then, to *Me*, wou'd boot surviving Breath ? ordT

Stair once departed, what cou'd cheer my Mind ? M

Mecenas gone, wou'd *Horace* stay behind ? isorg io. I

No, 'Tis resolv'd, whene'er the Patron dies, originl

The *Poet* shall attend him to the Skies. M old H. M. 82

But see ! He's well ! by kind *Arbuthnot's* Art, bna

Affliction's banish'd from my *Hero's* Heart. ordt ordt

New *Life* and *Vigour* animate his Frame ! ndis bna

His *Looks* and *Air* recover'd *Health* proclaim !

Again *He moves* ! again *appears Abroad* !

Adorns the *Court* ! and personates a *God* !

How

How glad each *Face* ! how joyful every *Friend* !

— Quick, to our *Foes*, the fatal Tydings send,

That *Charles* and *Philip*, *Thunderstruck*, may yield

To *British Terms*, and timely quit the Field.

And, thou *Arbuthnot*, Arbiter of *Health* !

Thou *second Saviour* ! live in Peace and Wealth.

While surly and pragmatic *Doctors* kill,

Let great good Nature, and true Humour, still

Inspire thy *Recipes*, and recommend thy *Skill*.

So shall the *Muses* sing Thee in their Lays;

And *Gulliver*, himself, proclaim thy Praise,

Thee, the great *Brobdingnagian Doctor* call,

And others puny *Lilliputians* all !





BOLD COUNSEL,

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN Earl of STAIR,

1728.

Enough, my L O R D, of earthly Pride you've seen !
Enough exalted and illustrious been !

European Courts can boast no pompous Show,

No Pow'r, or Politicks, but what you know.

In Peace or War, is there a noble Art,

A Glory, wherein you have had no Part ?

Statesman and Soldier, different Names, agree

To mix, and shine with all their Force, in Thee.

What

What *foreign Nation*, your great Worth denys?
Fame of your Virtues, all-acknowledg'd, flys.
Unbias'd, all your Character confess,
And none, *Abroad*, e'er wish'd your Honours less.
Ev'n *Britons*, blind to Merit of their own,
In spite of *Faction*, your Applauses crown.
Subjects, with Praise, your Excellence revere,
And *Princes* are indebted to your Care.
Your Patriot Zeal, and Management confess,
Have, more than once, the *King* and *Country* blest.
— Now, by your Hand, we're rescu'd and renown'd;
Retire, great *Lord*, with hoary Honours crown'd;
After a Course of *publick Glory*, shine
Like *Concinnatus*, in your Life's Decline;
Enjoy the Blessings of a *private State*;
Still, tho' remov'd from Care and Busines, *great*.

Then shall not upstart, crafty, Minions' *Art*
Supplant your Fortune, nor disturb your Heart ;
Their *moony* Radiance shall not shade the Light
Of your meridian *Sun*, that made them bright :
But Peace and Honour evermore remain,
And th' Evening, like your Day of Life, serene.
The *Muses* too, obsequious, shall attend,
The *Muses*, ever faithful to their Friend !
Tis *theirs* to wait the *Great Man* to the Grave,
And from Detraction and Oblivion save.
Tho' *Flatterers* fly, and the *Oblig'd* forsake ;
Tho' *Friends* their Leave, at your *Retirement*, take ;
Tho' *Court* and *Country*, shou'd *Deserters* prove,
Mitchell must serve the Man, he's bound to love ;
Honour'd and proud, if, for his dutious Care,
He's still regarded by his *Patron STAIR.*



VERSES

To the Right Honourable the

*Lady SOMMERVILLE,**On her Marriage.*

WHEN Themes profane the Poet's Choice
are made,

The sacred Nine reluctant lend their Aid:

But half inspir'd the Fancy then appears,

And languid Numbers pass for manly Verse.

Not so, when noble Subjects claim their Song —

The Muses then around their Votary throng!

Then, all at once, their tuneful Forces join,
Swell in each Thought, and in each Cadence shine!

Devious, of late, amid too light a Strain,
Each of the *Sisters* was invok'd, in vain ;

From my weak Wing, the sweet *Supporters* fled,
Sunk were my Spirits, and my Numbers dead.

But, soon as *Fame* reliev'd me with the Sound,
That SOMMERVILLE in You his Heav'n had found,

Wrapt, I resolv'd th'inspiring Choice to sing,
And crowding *Muses* danc'd on every String.

Receive, illustrious Charmer, the Respect
Your *Poet* pays ; and what he writes protect.

While *others* cold and formal Zeal display,
And wish you Joy, the dull prosaic Way ;

— *Mitchell*, distinguish'd, with a livelier Air,
Visits in Verse, nor hails you less sincere.

Reign,

Reign, *wedded Love*, on Reason founded strong!
Thou Source of *Kindred*, and thou Soul of *Song*!
In *Thee*, the Lover meets no treacherous Smile;
No faithless Snares his manag'd Heart beguile.
What tho' to *One* thou do'st Desire confine?
Thy Bounds are *Eden*, a Restraint divine!
Sweetly associate, *He* sustains no Care,
That She disarms not by Her Right to share.
Her Joys are heighten'd by the Part He bears,
And all Her Words are Musick to his Ears.
Dash'd on Life's Ocean, when the swelling Waves
Rise over *one*, th'affliting *Consort* saves;
Till *each* at Anchor, 'midst the Tempest, rides,
Nor dreads the Surges, nor obeys the Tides!
How greatly blest must this bright Union be,
Where *Bodies* emulate, and *Souls* agree!

Pride of thy blooming Sex — your Eyes and Air

Have wearied *Wonder*, and awak'd *Despair*.

Your *Form* seems made to match your heav'nly *Mind*,

And, while on *Earth*, to leave all *Earth* behind!

While SOMMERVILLE, by Nature form'd to please,

His native Bravery softens into Ease,

And mixes Mildness with his manly Grace.

His warrior Line has triumph'd oft before;

But *He*, in conquering *You*, has triumph'd more.

May lengthen'd Life your meeting Wishes crown,

And rising Ages spread your wreath'd Renown !

May no first Death your social Hearts divide,

But late, together, be this Knot unty'd !





Hail my good Lucy — my friend you to chuse
Whom you will have a good life.

V E R S E S

Occasion'd by the DEATH of

The Right Honourable the

Countess of GRANTHAM.

Pardon, O Shade Divine, th' officious Verse

That breaks the sacred Silence of thy Hearse

The Muses' Grief, when for the Dead design'd,

Appears, at best, *impertinently Kind!*

Courtiers and Poets mix not oft in Care,

Their Passions and their Views so different are!

But, to this mourn'd Occasion, all must owe

One social Utterance of one general Woe.

upon several Occasions. 37

So shall the distant Poles one Fate sustain,
When the last Trumpet wakes the Dead again.
Trembling, the Muse surveys the clouded Courts,
How damp'd their Converse, and how dash'd their
Sports! What gloomy Paleness deadens every Face!
What sickning Memory checks each rising Grace!
The Royal Pair stand fix'd in gen'rous Pain,
And look a Grief that makes all Language vain.
Round, in deep Silence, sad'ning Passions flow,
And Sighs from Sighs catch the contagious Woe.
Fancy, amidst the funeral Pomp is led,
And waits, in solemn March, the moving Dead.
Dodg'd, in cold Earth, her Body sinks resign'd,
But her immortal Image charms Mankind.
Soft sleep thy Dust to wait th' eternal Will;
Then rise unchang'd, and be an Angel still.

Ye loveliest of her fair Survivors, come,
And, with sweet Sorrow, grace her sacred Tomb.
Fix'd o'er her marble Mirror, leaning, see
What weak Defence from Death your Charms can be!
Think what she was; and, conscious of her Due,
Teach us, by mourning *Her*, to sigh for *You*.

But what wish'd Comfort shall the Muse afford
To the sad Bosom of her *widow'd Lord*?
Think — since not all your *Love* cou'd Life restrain —
How can your *Sorrow* charm her back again?
High above *Hope* or *Fear*, she now lives blest,
Where nothing, but your *Woe*, can break her Rest.
O let her, undisturb'd, those Blessings share,
Which cannot greater be, till *You* are there.



PETER



PETER:

A N

HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

In Six Canto's

*Dicam insigne recens, adhuc
Intactum ore alio.* — H O R.

CANTO I.

PETER (whose Story puzzled all the Town,
Ere * Gulliver and † Mary Tofts were known)
I, first, attempt to celebrate in Song —
Nor shall my Muse the *Sylvan Hero* wrong,

* Capt. Lemuel Gulliver.

† The Rabbit-Woman.

If thou, *Arbutbnot*, stand'st but on my Side;

Alike, his skilful *Tutor* and my *Guide*!

Yet not on vulgar Aid depends the *Muse* —

Great, as my wondrous Subject, are my Views!

To Godlike *Brunswick* — whom the Nations own

The rightful Wearer of *Britannia's* Crown;

Who rules the Hearts of People, brave and free;

Absolute Lord of *Peter*, and of *Me*;

To Him I, suppliant, make my warm Address:

His Smiles are Sanction, and his Praise Success.

If, 'mid'st thy Cares and Toils for human Kind,

Sometimes, the Poets have amus'd thy Mind;

If e'er my *Hero* found thy frank Regard;

O King, indulge the Genius of thy *Bard*,

And a whole Work, with one kind Smile, reward.

Methinks the *Monarch*, with auspicious Nod,

Bids me proceed, and wakes the inspiring God!

Sudden

Sudden, I feel my daring Soul possest,
And swelling Raptures heave my beating Breast!
Legions of Thoughts, original indeed,
Thoughts, that ne'er enter'd in an Ancient's Head;
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' delicate, yet strong;
Postle for Place of Honour, in my Song!
What various Humour, Sense, and Learning, join
To glorify this singular Design!
Here, the bold *Homer*, *Maro* the Discreet,
Milton sublime, and witty *Scarroon* meet!
Cervantes, *Butler*, *Boileau*, *Dryden*, *Lee*,
Phillips, and *Prior*, mingle all in Me!
What choice Ingredients my rich *Oleo* rear!
The Wonderment of all, who see, or hear!
But who, ah! who can *relish*, as they *read*?
Who on the different *Delicacies* feed?

Who rightly enter into what is *new*,
And judge with *Taste*, that's elegantly *True*?
Criticks and *Fops*, in Character extream,
My Work, in vain, will celebrate, or blame!
Nor *Those*, nor *These*, alas! can take me *Right*!
Out of their *Way* is every Word I write!
In *Oddness* lies my *Muse*'s whole Delight!
Thou *Swift*, (facetious, deep-discriminating *Dean*!)
May'st find me out, and catch my Fancy, clean:
To Souls, like thine, *Arcana*'s open lie,
Nor can a *Nostrum* 'scape thy brilliant Eye!
Let half a Score such *Judges* give me Praise,
And Worlds beside combine to blast my Bays.

Charm'd with the Hopes, I soar, I tow'r in flight,
And ten Leagues leave the *Vulgar* out of sight.
But deign, my *Muse*, whose undivided View
Looks present, past, and future Wonders thro',

The very Embrio's of Events foresees,
And pierces Heav'n's *Arcana* and Decrees,
Deign, for the Sake of Mortals, to relate
Your deep Discoveries in the Book of Fate,
Say, did no antient *Sybil*, *Priest* or *Sage*,
With Soul illumin'd, kenn afar this Age?
Were all the boasted *Oracles* unskil'd?
Without a *Prophet*, is the Time fulfil'd,
The destin'd Time! when mortal Men shou'd see
Peter, the Wild! the World's last Prodigy!
Tam'd by *Arbuthnot*, and describ'd by *Me*.
Was he, O strange! begot, conceiv'd, and born,
And not one *Planet* from its Orbit torn?
No *Miracle* to usher him to Earth?
Did Nature sleep, unconscious, at his Birth?
Impossible. A *Cyrus* Dreams predict,
And *Cæsar's* Fall must Heav'n and Earth afflict!

Are Men and Gods concern'd at such Affairs?
Are Wonders wrought to honour Names, like *Theirs!*
But must a *Peter*, like a *Mushroom*, rise?
Did not his Birth confound both Earth and Skies?
Yes ; for, of him, the *Sybil's Books* were full,
Nor prov'd the antient *Oracles* so dull.
Prophets of old, foresaw him in their Dreams,
And *Poets* sung him under different Names.
What tho' ten thousand Volumes are destroy'd?
Volumes ! in my great *Hero's Praise* employ'd.
Ten thousand still, in *uncouth Tongues* remain,
Which *Bentley* wou'd attempt to read, in vain!
— But not on Books his Greatness stands its Ground;
By more divine Presages, he's renown'd!
Each late strange Action, Accident, and Sight,
Had secret Reference to my *Sylvan Knight*.

The glorious *Revolution's Self foreran*

The *Savage's Conversion into Man!*

What meant the Meteors, late, display'd in Air?

Did not the *Russian Czar* his Day prepare?

The *Czar*, another *Peter!* sent, with Pow'rs,

To shine the *Type* and *Harbinger* of ours!

Did not that pow'rful *Emperor* appear,

In his first Life, a Sort of *human Bear?*

Were not his Actions and Behaviour rude?

His very Spirit savour'd of the Wood!

Till, found and tamed, he rose, with matchless Worth,

The burning Light and Glory of the *North?*

— But to the *Reverend* leaving this Dispute,

And why my Hero first appear'd a *Brute*,

Muse, sing what *unmysterious Laymen* say,

And how they give his Birth a different Way:

Whether,

Whether, according to a certain *Creed*,
Of a new Species he was meant the Head ;
And, in the Wood of *Hamelen*, form'd compleat,
Like *Eden-Adam* — but without a Mate ?

Or, if, for Treason, thrown from Heav'n, he fell
Like *Lucifer* — but not to such an Hell ?

Whether, incarnate, he's, infernal Fiend,
Broke loose, in hopes his Fortune here to mend ?

Or if, the Spawn of heterogeneous Breed,
He sprung from human, mix'd with bestial, Seed ?

If, procreated in the natural Way,
Unnatural Parents did the Boy convey,
By brutal Rage to perish ; or be fed,
As erst by Wolves, the *Persian* Chief was bred ?

Whether he's one of the fam'd *Fairy Blades*,
Who us'd to gambol in the Woodland Shades.

Perhaps

Perhaps, a Wanderer from his pigmy Kind,
Or, for some Roguery, left for Men to find?
Whether, perhaps, he casually stray'd?
Or was, by Rogues, from native Home betray'd?
If left, or lost, by *Gypsies*, in the Field,
He liv'd on what the savage Soil cou'd yield?
Or whether, by a *Deluge*, he was swept
From some contiguous Dwelling-place; and kept,
By Care divine, amid the *Sylvan Throng*,
To muse Mankind, and furnish out my Song?
Or, if, abhorrent of th' iniquitous Age,
His Father, a *Philosopher* and *Sage*,
Preferring the Society of *Brutes*,
Expos'd the Boy to live on humble Roots,
And, by the odd Experiment, restore
The State of Nature, as it stood before?

If,

If, struck with Sense of Misery and Woe,
Which human-kind, by *Tameing*, undergo,
His Sire resolv'd he wou'd not spoil the Child,
But, out of Love and Pity, bred him *wild*?
Or rather, if, disgusted at the Times,
Our Fashions, Follies, Villanies, and Crimes,
Astrea like, himself bid Earth farewell,
And hop'd in *HameLEN*, as in Heav'n, to dwell?
These and a thousand more Conjectures, I,
Uncurious pass, with solemn Reverence, by;
Suffic'd, that, whether, born, or calv'd, or made,
He reign'd a brutal *Governour* by Trade,
Till thou, great *Brunswick* (so Heav'n's Council stood),
Seiz'd on the Prey, and forc'd him from the Wood,
No less for *Peter's*, than *Britannia's* Good.
But how he liv'd, and rul'd, and was obey'd,
The Leagues he form'd, the Politicks he weigh'd;

is Studies, Wars, Religion, and his Sport;

The State and Constitution of his Court;

Why, how, and when, he was to *Britain* brought;

What he has done, and what is to be wrought;

These, and a thousand odder Things, than These,

Shall swell my *Canto's*, and enrich my Bays.

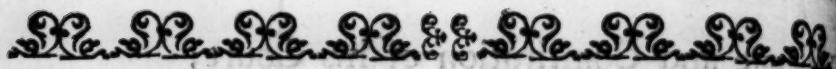
The End of the First CANTO.

Hiatus ad Finem deslendus.



EPITAPH





EPIITAPH

*For the TOMB of an Infant, mis-
carried before it had received the
Breath of Life.*

THE first dear Fruit of Myra's Womb,
Abortive, sanctifies this Tomb.

Thrice happy Child, exempt from Breath,
From Birth, from Being, and from Death;
Since Life is but one common Care,
And Man was made to mourn and fear!

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

HATIANI

